POEMS,

BY

PETE NEWBY.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

SEDUCTION, a TRAGEDY.

The SHEPHERD of CORNWALL, a DRAMATIC POEM.

The FORCE of FRIENDSHIP, a DRAMATIC TALE.

SILVESTREM TENUI MUSAM MODULABOR AVENA.

LIVERPOOL:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by *H. HODGSON,*

AND

W. NEVETT & SON.

1790.

SEDUCTION,

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUMAL.
HUBERT.
RANDOLPH.
ATHAMAND.
BEDAMOUR.
MORNAY.

WOMEN.

ROSALIA.
EMILIA.

Scene, Paris.

Duration 16 *Hours.*

SEDUCTION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in DUMAL's *Houſe.*

DUMAL. ATHAMAND.

DUMAL.

WELCOME, once more, my deareſt Athamand,
To this thy native home: to ſee thee ſafe
Return'd from all the perils of rude war,
Has made my heart give way to joy; and thro'
The long and ſlumbering night ſweet dreams have play'd
Serenely happy with a father's doating fondneſs.
But yet I find 'tis but a fleeting joy—
A joy diſturb'd with tender doubts and fears.

ATHAMAND.

What would my much-lov'd parent wiſh to ſay?
If there's a thought within your honour'd heart
That wiſhes to deſcribe its fears to me,
Who might aſſiſt you with his friendly counſel,
Where is the man, whoſe grateful boſom holds

A parent dearer than your only ſon?
Long taught by you the holy truths of ſweet
Religion and of moral duties, can
Your tenderneſs one moment doubt my love?

DUMAL.

No, Athamand, it has no fears for thee.
It ſees thee grateful, generous, brave; it ſees
Thee, as loud fame has long deſcrib'd thee, born
To be the honour of my age, the kind
Supporter of my now declining years.
'Tis for my other child my heart is breaking.

ATHAMAND.

Why ſpeak you thus with ſuch diſtracted ſighs?
Say, what has happen'd to my lovely ſiſter,
Since laſt I took a parting kiſs, and bade
A long farewell to what, with you, I priz'd
The moſt?

DUMAL.

Thy ſiſter, Athamand, is ſcarce
A ſhadow of her former ſelf. Laſt night
You ſaw her with a brother's doating fondneſs,
And ſhe appear'd with ſome remains of what
She was. But, oh! my ſon, the bloom of youth
No longer dwells upon her hollow cheeks;
Her eyes no longer ſparkle with her thoughts;
Her ſprightlineſs no longer glads my ears,
But all her form ſeems like a wreck, daſh'd on

Some

Some fatal ſhore, a ſpeaking monument
Of miſery untold.

ATHAMAND.

Ah! ſir, your tale
Has fix'd your anguiſh in a brother's breaſt.
Poor, dear Roſalia, if thou dy'ſt, my ſoul
Will loſe the greateſt bleſſing it enjoys!
But ſay, my father, has ſhe long declin'd?
Has ſickneſs brought her to the ebb of life,
Or has this change of health but happen'd lately?
Oh! let us loſe no moments to employ
The aid of phyſick, or whate'er may ſave
Our darling from the ſtroke of death.

DUMAL.

In vain
Have I ſtill wiſh'd to give her eaſe; to talk
Of this but ſeems to make her worſe; and when
I come upon her, not obſerv'd, the tear,
I find, ſtands trembling in her eyes. From hence
What to conjecture, Athamand, or where
To fix my thoughts I cannot tell.

ATHAMAND.

Shall I
Then uſe my friendly art to find the cauſe
That preys upon her precious health? perhaps
A brother's fondneſs may prevail: perhaps
She'll think ſhe ſees in me her boſom friend,

Stript of all weight a father juſtly bears?
Shall I, my parent, try to know her griefs?

DUMAL.

Oh! if thou couldſt but learn their origin,
And ſave my child to bleſs my ſinking age!
Thy father ſhall reward thy holy care
With all the wiſhes of a grateful heart,
Now ſwell'd with grief, and thank thy holy love.

ATHAMAND.

Then eaſe that grief, and give it all to me.
Roſalia yet ſhall live and bloom again.
The faireſt flower that decks a garden's boſom
Is ſometimes by rude ſtorms thrown down, and all
Its luſtre's faded for a while; but when
It gains new ſtrength, and rears again its head,
Its ſofteſt beauties ſpring afreſh, and ſeem
To look indignant on the cruel ſpoiler:
Thus ſhall Roſalia ſmile, and bleſs her father.

DUMAL.

Oh! may thy chearful preſages prove true!
But I defer the joyful hour.—Go, haſte,
My Athamand, and tell her that my ſoul,
Suſpended 'twixt its hopes and doubts, revives
If ſhe revive, or ſoon will follow if ſhe die.
Oh! tell her, Athamand, how much I feel,
And ſure ſhe will not heſitate to eaſe
Her father's love, who lives but in his children.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Room in DUMAL's *Houſe.*

ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ROSALIA.

Emilia, no, my wrongs ſhall be no more
Pent up in this diſtracted heart. This vile
Inſulting letter ſhall be known; and all
The treacherous arts he us'd to ruin me
Shall to my brother's ears be ſtreight imparted,
That I may be reveng'd ere 'tis too late.

EMILIA.

But pray thee, my Roſalia, grow more calm
Ere you reſolve on this laſt fatal ſtep.
Thou know'ſt, my deareſt friend, thy father's warm,
Thou know'ſt the honour of his houſe is dear;
And, if thy wrongs expire too ſuddenly,
His paſſions may ſurprize his cooler reaſon.

ROSALIA.

I know my father's ſoul is great and noble.
I know he will not ſee me thus deſpis'd,
And ſit down calmly with my injur'd honour.
But read, and judge what horror ſtings my ſoul.

EMILIA, READING.

Tomorrow being abſolutely fixed on for my marriage with Athalia, I could not ſo far forget my lovely girl as not to acquaint her with this proceeding: and

and though it be impoſſible for us to be married, we yet may enjoy many happy hours if you will but conſent to elope from your father, and retire to a diſtant village, where I will maintain you in a manner ſuitable to your beauty. Let me hear from you; and think my only happineſs conſiſts in knowing that you ſtill regard your affectionate admirer and ardent lover

BEDAMOUR.

ROSALIA.

Baſe villain! couldſt thou think my ſoul would ſtoop
To fly from home upon thy narrow pittance,
To live, with miſery and ſhame, amongſt
The loweſt tribe of virtuous villagers?
Had I an heart as mean as thine, vice then
Would give me no remorſe, nor virtue e'er
Complain ſhe'd loſt a follower in me.

EMILIA.

What then do you intend to do?

ROSALIA.

To pour
My wrongs into my brother's breaſt: he will
Revenge my infamy, and teach the wretch
That flattering ſpoilers of our virtuous youth
Are ſeldom ſcreen'd from merited contempt.

EMILIA.

Then now's the time, for here your brother comes.

SCENE

SCENE III.

ATHAMAND. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ATHAMAND.

What means this wild, diſtracted look, my ſiſter?
Whence comes this univerſal tremor in
Thy frame? or why revive thy cheeks, and then
Again grow pale? Art thou not well? reſolve
My tender fears, and eaſe a brother's fondneſs.

ROSALIA.

Canſt thou, my brother, hear my tale with pity?

ATHAMAND.

With ſympathetic ſighs I can, be what
It will.

ROSALIA.

Should it diſturb thy peace, will ſtill
Thy honeſt ſoul bear calmly with my troubles?

ATHAMAND.

Theſe doubts but give freſh pain—I can and will.

ROSALIA.

Then ſurely Athamand will never curſe me.

ATHAMAND.

What doſt thou mean? thy wand'ring eyes are fill'd
With threat'ning looks. I pray thee ſpeak.

ROSALIA.

Yes, yes,
They threaten wild confuſion to the man
Who's robb'd me of my happy innocence.

Oh!

Oh! could I call down horrors on his head,
How would I ſwell my voice to raiſe the ſtorm;
How ſhould the tempeſt's fury drive to whelm
The baſe deceiver in a ſea of ruin.
How would I ſpur the miniſters of wrath,
By counting o'er the injuries I've met,
And painting all the various ſcenes of peace,
Once pleaſant as the ſummer's breeze, and then
The depth of woe wherein I now am plung'd,
To wreak their fury on his blaſted head.

ATHAMAND.

What does ſhe mean, Emilia, by this raving?

ROSALIA.

Ah! ſaidſt thou raving? yes, my Athamand,
I will rave on 'till nature ſinks, grows tir'd
With ſhedding tears, and ceaſes to lament.
But thou'rt a ſoldier, and thy ſword alone
Can waſh away the blot I've thrown upon
The fair enamell'd picture of our houſe.

ATHAMAND.

My ſword is ever ready to defend
Thy cauſe.—But teach me how, or where I muſt
Employ its point.

ROSALIA.

And wilt thou then eſpouſe
My wrongs?

ATHAMAND.

And make them all my own.

ROSALIA.

Then read
That letter from the vileſt of your ſex.

ATHAMAND, *after reading the letter.*

What hence, Roſalia, muſt your brother think?
What dread ideas dart acroſs my ſoul!
It ſurely cannot be, as much I fear
It is.

ROSALIA.

Imagine all thy honour would
Deteſt, and thou wilt ſummon up my wrongs.
Thy love, I know, is loſt; but I would be
Reveng'd. Revenge, revenge will make my heart
At leaſt, triumphant in its wreck of bliſs.

ATHAMAND.

Grow calm, Roſalia, and reſolve my doubts.
Haſt thou eſtray'd from virtue's holy path?

ROSALIA.

I tell thee, Athamand, I am undone.
The precious jewel of my innocence
Is loſt, is barter'd for a villain's word,
A perjur'd wretch's promiſes and oaths.

ATHAMAND.

If ſo it be, thou haſt, indeed, good cauſe
To weep, and waſte away thy ling'ring hours

In ſighs and tears. Oh! loſt Roſalia!
What haſt thou done? Thy father's heart will break
With grief, and ſhame will bring him to the grave.
Was it for this he nurs'd thee with a care
More anxious than a parent's common love?
Is this, Roſalia, all his age muſt know?
Poor, good old man! I feel already for him!

ROSALIA.

Ah! hearſt thou not how he upbraids my faults.
Oh! hide me in thy boſom from his ſight,
And ſhield me from the preſence of a father
Whoſe injur'd honour calls aloud for vengeance.

ATHAMAND.

Yes, yes, Roſalia, fly his virtuous ſoul,
Avoid his juſt enkindling wrath, and ſpend
Thy future days in miſery and ſhame.

EMILIA.

Oh! ſir, reprove her not: enough ſhe feels
Of bitter wretchedneſs; whoſe days are ſpent
In tears, whoſe nights in reſtleſs ſighs: but turn
Your anger on the villain Bedamour,
Whoſe ſpecious honeſty has thus deceiv'd
The ſweeteſt of her ſex. There vent your rage,
But let your friendly pity here alone
Be heard, and conſolation cheer her ſhort
Remaining time of life. Oh! do not thus
Increaſe my dear Roſalia's weight of anguiſh!

ATHAMAND.

Forgive me, if my fond diſtracted heart
Has touch'd, too deeply touch'd, thy tender feelings.
Oh! I ſhould wrong the love I bear my ſiſter,
Should aught eſcape my tongue to wound afreſh.
But oh! to ſee thee thus abus'd; to ſee
Thee chang'd from that fair form thou waſt, when laſt
I parted from thee, with a tear, is what
My nature cannot bear: but as for that
Vile, perjur'd wretch, who triumphs in thy ruin,
Whoſe baſe propoſals have inſulted all
Who hold thy honour dear, by ev'ry wrong
Thou know'ſt, he ſhall receive from me his due
Reward, this ſword ſhall have its juſt revenge.
As for thy father—but how ſhall I tell
Thy injuries—kind heav'n direct my tongue,
And take ſome pity on a parent's tears
That ſoon will flow to virtue loſt.

SCENE IV.

ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ROSALIA.

And is
He gone—'Tis well; my friends will all forſake me,
And will not patiently expect 'till death
Releaſes me from all diſtreſs. Gone, too,

To ſeek my father, and inform his love
How far his child has err'd. Oh! how I fear
To meet his angry looks! 'Tis thus that guilt
Flies ever in the ſinner's face; ſcarce has
The falſe temptation led him on to err,
When lo! its flattering looks deceive his eyes,
And ev'ry luring joy is turn'd to horror.
But virtue! virtue ſmiles with cheerful peace,
And leads its votaries to happineſs,
Surpaſſing ev'ry thought the ſoaring mind
Can form, or fancy paint unto its wiſh.
How comes it then, my friend, I am ſo guilty,
Since thus I've e'er been taught to think?

EMILIA.

Where is the man who can, with juſtice, ſay
"I've never done amiſs?" Thouſands, my friend,
Are deeper plung'd in guilt than you.

ROSALIA.

But where,
Where are thoſe thouſands to be found? where is
The wretch like me, who has forgot her duty?
Oh! have I not brought infamy on all
Who plac'd their happineſs in mine? What will
My tender, doating father ſay, when he
Has heard how far I have forgot his honour?

EMILIA.

However great our guilt may be, know this,
A full

A full confeſſion leſſens ev'ry fault;
Our humble penitence for what is paſt
Makes ſhame unknown, and ev'ry tear that flows
Blots out of heaven's recorded page the crimes
That ſtand t' accuſe us at its awful bar,
And moves th' Almighty to forgive our errors.

ROSALIA.

Emilia, 'tis a truth I dare not doubt,
And I'm reſign'd to heaven's benignant will.
Then why, my ſoothing friend, ſhould anxious care
Diſtreſs me for my reputation loſt,
If my all-ſeeing judge forgives my guilt?

EMILIA.

Thus would I have you think, Roſalia:
Thus would I wiſh you ever to be calm.

ROSALIA.

Then come, my dear adviſer, let us ſeek
The cooling breeze, for I am faint and weary.
My worn-out ſpirits cannot long lament
My injuries in ſtrains of frantic woe.
Oh! were they ne'er exhauſted, I would talk
Of that great miſery I feel, 'till death
Tare from my lips the bitter, bitter words.
Oh! my Emilia, what a wretch am I,
Compar'd to thy bleſt innocence and virtue.
Thou haſt thy reputation ſafe—mine, mine
Is loſt. Oh! keep it guarded ſtill, let no

Light

Light carriage make the ſlanderer talk; avoid
All levity, leſt faithleſs men purſue
Thy mirth with intimations baſe; watch o'er
Thy conduct with increaſing care, nor truſt
The man who artfully repeats thy virtues,
Or tells thee thou art fair and beautiful;
He ſpeaks but to deceive, who thus endeavours
To win upon thy unſuſpecting heart.
Experience teaches me to give advice,
Experience dearly bought! ah! bought too dearly.

SCENE V.

A public Walk.

BEDAMOUR, MORNAY, *meeting.*

MORNAY.

Ah! Bedamour, how fares thy honeſt heart?

BEDAMOUR.

As light as is the bridegroom's, when he leads
His trembling partner to the ſacred altar;
When o'er her num'rous beauties ev'ry eye
Is ſeen to gaze with wonder and delight.

MORNAY.

That hour, my Bedamour, is ſurely nigh,
If from thy rapt'rous warmth thy friend may judge.

BEDAMOUR.

To-morrow's dawn will ſee thy friend moſt happy.

Each

Each prior article of pomp and dreſs,
Of ſettlement and terms of law, are o'er,
And, in the bloom of youth, my precious girl
Waits, with impatience, for the happy day,
To bleſs her Bedamour with love and beauty,
With fortune, family, and noble friends.

MORNAY.

And may thoſe bleſſings, Bedamour, long make
Your union happy as the day that gives
This treaſure to your arms!

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! doubt it not,
My gentle friend. The lady of my choice,
Brought up in elevated rank, has charms
Enough to warm e'en frozen age to life.
The bloom of beauty hangs upon her cheeks,
And dimpled ſmiles are couch'd in ambuſcade,
Which ever, as the angel ſpeaks, appear
T' enchant our ſenſes, loſt in ſoft delight.
And then the muſic of her voice is ſuch,
That if old Orpheus tun'd his voice with half
Her melody, no wonder he regain'd his wife,
Or lull'd th' infernal god to pity.

MORNAY.

This language well becomes a lover's tongue,
And each fond youth ſhould think like you, nor e'er
Grow tir'd when virtuous beauty claim'd his praiſe.

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! 'tis a topic, Mornay, where my ſoul
Could dwell with long and unabated rapture,
Nor e'er be ſatisfy'd with counting o'er
My charmer's merit. I'm a ſlave in love.
But thou ſhalt ſee my dear Athalia;
Whoſe lovely ſight will make thee own, with me
That fortune, in my favour, is exhauſted.

MORNAY.

Athalia!

BEDAMOUR.

Yes, count Bruneville's only daughter,
The heireſs of his houſe and princely fortune.

MORNAY.

Forgive me, Bedamour, I thought thy heart
Had been elſewhere beſtow'd; Roſalia, once,
Had power to warm my friend with love.

BEDAMOUR.

Why thus
Does Mornay's countenance look grave! haſt thou
Some ſtale old maxims to repeat againſt
A fickleneſs in love? Come, come, my friend,
Shake off this want of knowledge with the world.
For ſimple peaſants, who have nought to do
But live unknown, unnotic'd, and to paſs
Their wretched lives in one dull round of toils
And labour, conſtancy in love may do;

And 'tis no matter how or where they fix
Their choice. But we, of higher ranks, are bound
By heaven's faireſt call, to find out wives
Of families not to diſgrace our blood.

MORNAY.

If this compulſion is annex'd to birth,
I would forego its honours to be bleſs'd
In love. Let the ſweet girl on whom I chance
To fix my heart, be virtuous, chaſte, and good;
Let modeſty outſhine the features of her face,
And far outſtrip the pomp of richeſt grandeur.
Let baſhful beauty be the charm that firſt
Shall point the dart, and candour guide its ſtroke.
If ſuch a miſtreſs, Bedamour, thy friend
Can find, no gaudy title ſhall eſtray
My ſoul, but, bleſt in love, I'll think her virtues
A greater fortune than the gift of thouſands.

BEDAMOUR.

Mornay, 'tis finely ſaid, and well becomes
Thy youth. But count a few years more, and thou
Wilt think like I. As for the points of love
And virtue, I could wiſh thy choice were mine.

MORNAY.

Why then have you forgot Roſalia's love?
You oft have told me, Bedamour, ſhe ſat
Unrival'd in your boſom's warmeſt wiſh.

BEDA-

BEDAMOUR.

And ſo ſhe did, 'till kind reflection rous'd
My thoughts, and wak'd me from the ſilly dream.
Old Dumal's family, thou know'ſt, tho' iſſu'd
From noble anceſtors, is in decline,
And fortune has not ſmil'd upon their houſe;
Scarce notic'd 'mongſt our higher rank, I ſhould
Have ſtoop'd beneath myſelf to marry there.

MORNAY.

Whoever thinks his family is hurt
By taking to his arms a virtuous woman,
Accompliſh'd more than half her ſex, but ſtands
In awe of what a herd of ſenſeleſs coxcombs
May wantonly aſſert thro' pride and folly:
And doubly aggravates his want of prudence,
And his fooliſh fears, when honeſt indigence,
Tho' ſprung from noble blood, deters him from
The bliſs of mutual love.

BEDAMOUR.

Mornay, no more.
I pray thee let us drop the argument.
To-morrow, as I've ſaid, my father means
To give me Bruneville's daughter for my wife,
Whoſe will, thou know'ſt, I dare not diſobey.

MORNAY.

And muſt thy father, Bedamour, forbid
Thy happineſs? delay, at leaſt, ſome weeks,

To think, at leiſure, of the ſtep thou tak'ſt.
Roſalia's merits cannot be eclips'd.

BEDAMOUR.

Well, well, we've ſaid enough. But now 'tis grown
Too late.

MORNAY.

'Tis ne'er too late, good ſir, t' avoid
Misfortunes if we ſee them, and have power
To fly far from the horrors that they bring.
And who, but one devoid of nicer feelings,
Would leave a certain happineſs, to run
With headlong obſtinacy, to ſeek for what
He knows not if 'twill prove a curſe or bleſſing.

BEDAMOUR.

I did not think my friend would hold my choice
In ſuch a trivial light, nor wrong her virtues.

MORNAY.

Far hence be ſuch a thought!—I did not mean
To leſſen her good name.

BEDAMOUR.

Why then to ſpeak
Of curſes if I wedded her? Say, doſt
Thou know, by ſcandalous report, of aught
To blaſt her fair, unſpotted character?

MORNAY.

No, Bedamour; the common voice has prais'd
Her beauties and her innocence of life
Too long, to ſuffer any thought like this

To dwell a ſingle moment in my breaſt.

BEDAMOUR.

Then, pray thee, ſay no more. My word is paſt
To meet Athalia in the church to-morrow;
And ev'ry friend, who blames me for my conduct,
Whoſe motives beſt are known unto myſelf,
But gives me pain.

MORNAY.

Be this enough for me
To know. My Bedamour, proceed; go find
Thy future bride, and take my warmeſt wiſhes.
Be happy long in all your heart's deſire.

BEDAMOUR.

Now, Mornay, this is kind; and I may hope
Thy preſence will enlarge my nuptial bleſſings.

MORNAY.

I'm honour'd with your invitation.

BEDAMOUR.

And from thy friendſhip I may aſk, perhaps,
A further mark of thy regard.

MORNAY.

You may
Command my ſervice, Bedamour.

BEDAMOUR.

Then go
To Dumal's, ſecretly; enquire if aught

Roſalia has to ſend to Bedamour,
In anſwer to the note receiv'd this morning.
Let Dumal be remov'd, ſee her alone,
And haſten back to bring me her reſolve.

MORNAY.

But why do you expect to hear from her?

BEDAMOUR,

I pray thee aſk no ſecrecies; but go,
As I requeſt.—In time I'll tell thee more.

MORNAY.

Enough.—My Bedamour's obey'd.—Good day.

End of the FIRST ACT.

SEDUCTION.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room at HUBERT's.

HUBERT. BEDAMOUR.

HUBERT.

ONE other day, my ſon, and I ſhall ſee
Thee fix'd, as I have ever hop'd, in all
Thy father's heart deſires. The noble Bruneville
Is equally as joyful, and this day
Invites his friends to meet him at a feaſt
Prepar'd to drink the happy couple's health.

BEDAMOUR.

Count Bruneville, ſir, in this has done me honour.
And all my future life ſhall ſhew how well
I have deſerv'd his daughter's hand.

HUBERT.

'Tis ſo,
My ſon, I've wiſh'd. Join'd to their princely houſe
Henceforth thou muſt be choice in company:
And if there aught remain of former love,

Re-

Reſolve to ſhake it off. The count has friends
Who will not fail to watch thy motions.

BEDAMOUR.

All childiſh love has, long ſince, given place
To ſweet Athalia's charms: ſince firſt you wiſh'd
Me to addreſs that beauteous maid, I have
Forgone all other views, too happy there
To terminate my choice; and more than grateful
For the kind bleſſing both our parents gave.
Athalia's heart is warm'd with niceſt feelings,
And for themſelves her numerous beauties ſpeak,
How then can I neglect ſo fair a creature.

HUBERT.

My Bedamour, I'm ſatisfy'd; for I
Had fears, leſt for the girl thou'ſt left, ſome thoughts
Should hover yet around thy heart; of whom
Thou know'ſt I never would be told, and who
Has neither family, nor friends of rank,
Nor fortune to ſupport e'en common pride.

BEDAMOUR.

I ſee, dear ſir, how well I have exchang'd,
By your advice, and ſhall for ever thank you.
But let the ſubject drop; to entertain
A doubt of what is paſt, will hurt my duty,
And I ſhall think you doubt my honeſty.

HUBERT.

I pray thee, do not form ſo wrong a fear,
I know thy heart too well. But 'tis enough.
Go, ſummon all thy deareſt friends, to take
A farewell of thy preſent ſtate. Let mirth
And ſocial happineſs preſide, and be
The life and ſoul of this day's feaſt; whilſt I,
Who'm grown too old to intermix with youth,
Will leave thee only maſter of the houſe.

BEDAMOUR.

I thank your kindneſs, ſir, and will proceed
As you deſire; but do not leave my gueſts,
Your preſence will enliven all.

HUBERT.

There ſhalt
Thou rule, I will attend thee; but 'tis time
To wait on Bruneville, and to fix the hour
To ſee our children join'd in nuptial bands.
Mean while do thou find out thy youthful friends,
Whom I will meet with welcome looks and heart.

SCENE II.

A Room at DUMAL's.

ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ROSALIA.

Oh! my Emilia, what a wretch am I!
How dreadful hangs my miſerable fate!

De-

Depriv'd of innocence, deſpis'd by friends,
Dejected, dying with my griefs, abandon'd, loſt,
And trembling to behold a father's ſight!
Count, count the miſeries that ſin entails,
And teach our youthful, unſuſpecting ſex,
To liſten to the oaths of man with trembling.

EMILIA.

Do not thus aggravate thy faults, my dear
Roſalia, nor think thy father will
Deſert his darling child.

ROSALIA.

Yes, yes, I know
My injur'd parent has belov'd his daughter
With ev'ry wiſh a child could claim; and, in
Return, what has that daughter done? oh! has
She not, when to the grave his age deſcends,
Drawn hours of bitter anguiſh on his head,
Inſtead of gently ſmoothing, by her virtues,
The rugged path of tottering years? How then
Can gratitude behold an old man's tears,
That flow for one whoſe conduct lays no claim
To fond, parental love?

EMILIA.

Yet, pray thee, ceaſe
Theſe heavy ſighs, and ſtrive to be compos'd.
One fault, when candidly bewail'd, will not
Deprive thee of his gentle bleſſing. Oh!

Look on to future years, and think his fondneſs
Demands thy life to nurſe his feeble age.
When he beholds thee anxious for his health,
And gently watching o'er his hovering lamp,
To make his ſickneſs lighter by thy love,
He will forget this fault, and bleſs his child.

ROSALIA.

Oh! that can never be. My glaſs, I find,
Is nearly out, and each departing moment
Brings me ſtill nearer to approaching death.
But ſay, wilt thou eſpouſe my hapleſs cauſe,
And plead my pardon with my injur'd father;
That when his ſwollen heart has ceas'd to beat,
He may with tears, and with returning love,
Forgive a crime, for which my life aton'd.

EMILIA.

In life and death thy fond Emilia ſhall
Defend thy reputation from the vile
Inſulting ſlanderer, whoſe tongue ſhall dare
To ſpeak one word againſt my friend; and more,
Unto the world deſcribe the perjur'd wretch,
With all his arts, that men may ſhun the monſter.

ROSALIA.

Oh! name him not; he's poiſon to my ſoul.
By him deſtroy'd, I am the verieſt wretch
That e'er drew breath. Oh! may my fate, thus
chang'd,

As I am ſeen, from lively health and peace
To deep conſuming grief, and dread remorſe,
Speak loudly to my giddy ſex, and warn
Poor unſuſpecting maids to ſhun the men
Who artfully attempt, by promiſes,
To make them, in an hour unguarded, loſe
The treaſure of their innocence. When that
Is gone, the baſe, the perjur'd man will break
Thro' ſolemn oaths, and totally deſpiſe
The wretch his artful love has made.

SCENE III.

DUMAL. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

DUMAL, *behind the ſcenes.*

Where, where
Is this abandon'd daughter?

ROSALIA.

Ah! he comes,
My father comes.—Oh! how ſhall I behold him?

DUMAL *enters.*

Baſe, infamous, ungrateful wretch, what haſt
Thou done? thy father comes t' upbraid
Thy guilty conduct, and to wipe away
The ſtain.

EMILIA.

Forbear, good ſir.——

DUMAL.

Woman, away,
Nor let that deſpicable being hide
Her face from the pure light, that I may ſee
The foul deſtroyer of a father's peace.
What hoa, Roſalia! let a parent's voice,
That calls upon a child he long has lov'd
With all the fondneſs e'en of doating age,
Arouſe thy ſoul to penitence and fear.

ROSALIA.

Oh! my Emilia, pray thee, ſpeak, and ſave
Thy friend from horrors worſe than death.

EMILIA.

Fear not, I will ſupport thy trembling heart.
Retire, beſeech you, ſir, her breaſt beats faſt,
And ſickneſs ſpreads around her feeble frame.
Reflect a moment.——

DUMAL.

What, if I reflect,
Will the curs'd infamy that falls upon
My head, ſit lighter on an old man's ſorrows?
Be gone, thou fond, officious woman—haſte—
Retire—I am to be reveng'd—let go
Thy hold, abandon'd, vile, deteſted creature.

ROSALIA.

Oh! ſpare me, ſpare me this confuſion.

DUMAL.

Let go, I ſay.

EMILIA.

No, ſir, my breaſt ſhall be
A ſhelter to this dear, this injured woman.
Nor ſhall a father's rage, whilſt I am here,
Add more diſtreſs to what ſhe feels ſo deeply.

DUMAL.

Thou doeſt but add unto her guilt; I come
Reſolv'd.

EMILIA.

On what?

DUMAL.

To bury this within
Her loſt, polluted heart.—If thou haſt ought
To ſay, be brief, thy father's rous'd to madneſs.

ROSALIA.

Ah! does he bring a dagger to deſtroy
His child?

DUMAL.

Yes, yes, he does.

ROSALIA.

Oh! how my crime
Is aggravated at the ſight.

DUMAL.

'Tis well, 'tis well.
But be prepar'd—

ROSALIA.

Yet hold. By ev'ry fond regard
You ſhew'd your poor, and groſsly injur'd child,
Oh! do not ſtain your hands with blood; I have
Not long to live, and death, that now comes on
With rapid ſtrides, will free you from my ſight.

DUMAL.

In vain thou deprecat'ſt my wrath.—My mind
Is fix'd, and I will ſtab thee.

EMILIA.

Yet be calm.
Nor draw the vengeance of our holy laws
Upon your hoary head.

DUMAL.

Let me but be
Reveng'd, I'll die contented.

EMILIA.

No, that muſt
Not be. Remorſe will haunt your wretched hours,
And this ſweet injur'd daughter ſtill will tread
Upon your ſteps, and keep you wak'd to horrors.

DUMAL.

Let horrors pour upon my head, they can't
Be heavier than the pangs I feel. Thou, loſt
Roſalia, look upon my angry face,
And eye my vengeance while I point my weapon.
(Seizing her.)

ROSA-

ROSALIA.

Oh! my bleſt, tender father, ſpare your child—
Change thoſe inflamed eyes to love and pity—

DUMAL.

To horrors and revenge.

ROSALIA.

Oh! do not kill me.—
Let me employ ſome moments to repent—
Nor hurry me thus headlong to the bar
Of heavenly juſtice.

DUMAL.

Oh! thoſe looks, that voice,
Were once the greateſt bleſſings of my life,
But now devoted victims of unchaſte
Deſires, they urge me to the bloody deed.—

ROSALIA.

Oh! mercy! mercy!

EMILIA, *(holding his Arm.)*

Help, help me, ſome friend—

DUMAL.

Hold off thy hands, or, by my wrongs, I'll turn
The point to thee.

EMILIA.

So do, if that will ſtop
Your rage, or ſatisfy your thirſt of blood.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

DUMAL. ATHAMAND. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ATHAMAND.

What do my eyes behold! Good heaven defend her!
Where points your ſword, or whom would you
deſtroy?

DUMAL.

The wretch who has deſtroy'd my peace.

ATHAMAND.

It ſhall
Not be. Deſiſt my honour'd ſire—reflect
She is your child.

DUMAL.

She is my child, I know,
Too well, by what my tortur'd boſom feels.
Her ſight is daggers to my eyes, and wounds
My feelings. But I will not long be thus
Diſtract'd—No, inhuman daughter—now
Prepare thyſelf, for thus my vengeance ſtrikes.

ATHAMAND.

Forbear the blow—

DUMAL.

Let go, I ſay.—

ATHAMAND.

My dear

And

And honour'd parent think what 'tis you do—

DUMAL.

By ev'ry wrong I've known, by ev'ry pang
I feel—

ATHAMAND.

Deſiſt, deſiſt, my honour'd ſir.

DUMAL.

Doeſt thou too help to leſſen the baſe crime?
Off, off, preſumptuous youth, leſt I ſhould wound
My other child.

ATHAMAND. *(embracing his Siſter)*

Then thus deſtroy us both,
If nature pleads not in her holy rights.
Through me, through me explore the path to juſtice.
My lovely, injur'd ſiſter, ſhall not want
A friend to reſcue you and her from horrors.

DUMAL.

Beware, my Athamand, thou ſtill art good
And virtuous: but ſhe bears not theſe ſweet marks,
Look on her face, once bright as innocence
Could ſhine, but now obſcur'd by infamy—
Look there, look there, and let my rage have vent.
This dagger thirſts for blood.

ATHAMAND.

That dagger, ſir,
Shall never drink a daughter's ſacred blood.
For ſhame, for ſhame, (forgive the harſh expreſſion)

Let ſuch an inſtrument be caſt away;
Throw wide your arms and drag her to your boſom,
There preſs my ſiſter's breaking heart to beat
Her ſorrows on a father's tender breaſt.

DUMAL.

Ah! dar'ſt thou too provoke my wrath?—Beware
Of what thou ſay'ſt—

ATHAMAND.

Sill, ſtill you eye your daughter,
And point that horrid dagger at her life.
I am your ſon, as ſuch, let me entreat you—
Be calm—By love and duty I entreat you.

DUMAL.

Begone.

ATHAMAND.

Not 'till that weapon leaves your hands.
You ſhall not ſtrike; and ſince I ſpeak, in vain,
My ſword ſhall draw to ſave you both.

DUMAL.

'Tis well.
Ye cruel parricides, 'tis well.

ATHAMAND.

Yes, ſo
It is, that I am rous'd beyond the awe
That holy duty ſtrongly intimates,
And that I can diſarm the honour'd man

I call

I call my father.—Weapon hence, and thus
(Roſalia faints.)
With fond and dutiful reſpect I beg *(kneeling.)*
Forgiveneſs for the neceſſary deed.

DUMAL.

Oh! ſhame! oh! miſery of wretched age!
My children both conſpire to ſhed my blood,
And what I thought the comforts of my life
Are now become the curſes of my years.

SCENE V.

ATHAMAND. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ATHAMAND.

How is my ſweet Roſalia? ſpeak, my ſiſter,
And give thy brother ſome ſmall glimpſe of eaſe.
Ah! heavens! ſhe hears me not.

EMILIA.

Be calm, good youth;
She ſaw you lift your ſword againſt your father,
And ſunk into my arms with agony
O'erpower'd. Her ſpirits now begin to fluſh
Again upon her cheeks, and ſhe revives.

ATHAMAND.

Oh! baſe, deteſted, perjur'd Bedamour,
What dreadful ſcenes has not thy villainy
This day expos'd, and what unnumber'd evils
Does not the thoughtleſs race of man entail
Upon the weaker ſex?

ROSALIA.

Where, where's my father?
Oh! let him come, and wreak on me his vengeance,
Rather than let me ſee thy arm rais'd up
Againſt his venerable breaſt. But where,
Ah! where have you convey'd him from my ſight.
Ah! there's thy ſword—his dagger too—has thy
Inhuman fondneſs for a wretched woman
Incited thee to ſtab thy reverend father?
See, ſee his precious blood hangs yet upon
The murdering blade, and cries for vengeance.

ATHAMAND.

Oh! thinks my ſiſter, I would injure that
Good, tender man, to ſave myſelf or thee?
No, e'er I'd draw one drop of blood, or lift
My hand, in anger, againſt his holy age,
I would forego all happineſs on earth.
My father is untouch'd, unhurt, and all
I did was to diſarm his rage, and ſave
My ſecond bleſſing, thee, my deareſt ſiſter.

ROSALIA.

Then he is ſafe, and I yet live to thank
Thy goodneſs, and thy many friendly wiſhes.
But oh! I'm ſick, convey me hence, beſeech you.
And thou, my Athamand, my cheering brother,
Go ſeek my parent—and oh! move his pity.
Beg him, by ev'ry power above, to paſs

A kind

A kind forgiveneſs for the crime, for which
I die; and to beſtow ſome rays of comfort,
In giving me his parting prayer and bleſſing.
'Tis all I have to aſk—'tis all I need—
Except a pardon from yon awful bar,
Whoſe juſtice yet is ever ſmooth'd by mercy.
Go, haſte, my brother, and relieve my agonies.

SCENE VI.

ATHAMAND, *ſolus.*

My poor, unhappy ſiſter, what a change
Do I behold. When innocent, each hour
Was dreſs'd in cheerful ſmiles; but now,
Tho' bleſs'd repentance mitigate thy fault,
Each painful moment adds unto thy ſorrows.
Ye youthful, blooming women, ye, whoſe ſouls
Are form'd like hers, mild, tender, unſuſpecting,
Who eaſily believe each heart as good,
As honeſt as your own, be cautious how
You give encouragement to flattering man.
Should the fond lover, whom you have allow'd
To talk of happineſs, for once trangreſs,
In actions or diſcourſe, the ſtricteſt bounds
Of decency, repel the vile attempt
To drive fair virtue from your breaſt, reprove
His conduct, and diſdain his flattery.
If he eſteem you, as he ſays, you thus

Will more endear your merits to his love;
But if he mean you nothing good, virtue,
At leaſt, will triumph o'er his villainy,
And he will bluſh to meet your injur'd preſence.

SCENE VII.

ATHAMAND. MORNAY.

MORNAY.

Your pardon, ſir: I did not mean to break
Unnotic'd on you, nor did I expect
To meet a ſtranger here.

ATHAMAND.

No ſtranger, ſir,
Am I, and if there's aught you wiſh to know,
Entruſt your errand to my care, which ſhall
Return your ſuitable requeſt.

MORNAY.

I'm much
Indebted to your proffer, ſir, which ſpeaks
You gentle to a ſtranger's voice.

ATHAMAND.

So would
I have mankind to read my heart, and, by
The golden rule of friendly actions,
Would wiſh as much to give, as to receive
A benefit. But, ſay, what is the cauſe
That brings you here?

MORNAY

MORNAY.

To ſee Roſalia.

ATHAMAND.

Roſalia is not well: but leave with me
The favour you would wiſh to aſk.

MORNAY.

That, ſir,
Is more than I can ſafely do—'tis ſecret.

ATHAMAND.

If't be a friendly object you purſue,
Virtue will feel a ſenſible delight
To ſee a youth like you repeat the errand:
If not, 'twere pity vice ſhould have a hold
Where innocence would be ſo much adorn'd.

MORNAY.

You ſeem to doubt my honeſty, good ſir,
But 'tis to ſerve my boſom friend I come,
Which will convince you that my motive's juſt.

ATHAMAND.

That boſom friend, if I may be allow'd
To gueſs, is Bedamour—your ſilence ſays
It is. But, do you know, that under the
Whole face of heaven's expanded ſky, there's not
A viler wretch, nor one who ſooner would
Deſtroy all innocence, or ſtab his friend.

MORNAY.

Report has wrong'd him to you, ſir.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

Report
Has ſuch invidious tongues, and deals ſo much
In ſlander, that my ears are ſhut againſt
The current of its breath, which daily blaſts
The ſacred characters of injur'd thouſands.
I've more ſubſtantial proofs that he's a villain.

MORNAY.

Sir, I could wiſh you to retract your words;
My friend is of a noble family,
Which will not bear to hear his name traduc'd.

ATHAMAND.

What I have ſaid, I will maintain; nor do
I fear the anger of his family,
Tho' proud and haughty to inferiors.
Whene'er nobility deſcends beneath itſelf
By trampling down the holy laws of nature,
And wounding the repoſe of private honeſty,
'Tis meaner than the pooreſt, virtuous beggar.
Theſe acts of villainy your friend has done,
And I am ready to ſupport the charge.

MORNAY.

You're carried on too haſtily, and ſay
Much more, I fear, than you can prove. I, as
His friend, am bound to do him ev'ry juſtice,
You muſt not therefore be ſurpris'd, ſhould you
Be ſummon'd to ſupport your calumny.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

My calumny!——But you are young, and I
O'erlook the raſh affront. I wear a ſword,
And, jealous of my honour, I would draw it,
Did not reflection tell me you're miſled.
But, ſir, tho' I am now grown calm, I may,
Perhaps, be rous'd again, when all my wrongs
Start up to plant their ſtings within my breaſt.

MORNAY.

Your pardon, ſir, I did not mean to make
Your wrongs, whate'er they are, increaſe by my
Imprudence.

ATHAMAND.

No, I will not think you did.
But, ſir, the heavy injuries this houſe
Has known from Bedamour's deſigns, are more
Than nature poſſibly can bear. Go then
To Bedamour, and tell him to deſiſt.
Let no good, unſuſpecting youth, like you,
Be drawn t' eſpouſe a villain's hateful cauſe;
This family proclaims him ſuch, and tho'
To me you are unknown, take this advice,
From one who bleeds to ſee you on the brink
Of ruin.

Ere you give your heart to friendſhip,
Examine well with whom you leave the pledge.

If he be good and virtuous, generous
And free, let him ſtill mould you at his will:
But if you find him hurrying on, in ſearch
Of pleaſure's guilty path, if once he hide
His faults in dark hypocriſy, or try
To win you, unſuſpecting, to ſupport
His mean, injurious actions, ſhun, oh! ſhun
The poiſonous flattery of his tongue, and ſhudder
To truſt your virtuous honour to the man
Who once has dar'd to tarniſh your fair fame,
Or wiſh'd to lead you to deſtruction.

End of the SECOND ACT.

SEDUCTION.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room at DUMAL's.

RANDOLPH. ATHAMAND.

RANDOLPH.

WAS it for this I came, with utmoſt ſpeed,
To give thee welcome on thy ſafe return?
Soft joy ſprang on my heart to meet my nephew,
And I at ev'ry ſtep ſtill counted o'er
The bleſſings thy fam'd valour had procur'd me.
But oh! my Athamand, to find you thus
Confus'd: thee ſunk in grief, my niece undone,
My brother frantic with his woes! oh! heavens!
'Tis more than I can bear!

ATHAMAND.

Whate'er you ſee,
Whate'er you feel, be ſtill yourſelf, reſign'd.
Let pity form a ſecond thought, and let
The firſt be how to help us in our ſorrows.
My ſiſter droops apace, the tender bud

Is nipp'd, the gentle flower has dropp'd its head,
And ſoon will fall into its mother earth.
Do you, my honour'd uncle, brighten up
The parting hours of life, and let the ſun
Of ſweet benevolence, ſhine calmly o'er
Her ſetting day.

RANDOLPH.

It ſhall, my Athamand,
It ſhall. No taunt, not e'en a ſoft reproach,
Shall draw one tear from poor Roſalia:
I ſee her wrong'd, but cannot ſee her guilty.
My fondeſt love ſhall hang upon her looks;
And I will ſooth the injur'd mourner with
The voice of ſoft humanity and hope:
And if ſhe ſmile upon my tenderneſs,
My heart, dilated with the joy, ſhall paint
Her future hours, as hours of calm'd repoſe.

ATHAMAND.

Oh! ſir, I do not doubt your love and goodneſs.
But I muſt beg you to implore my father,
To let calm reaſon guide his heart. 'Tis you,
And only you, who can divert his purpoſe;
Which is to bury in her breaſt a dagger.

RANDOLPH.

What do'ſt thou ſay!

ATHAMAND.

Theſe eyes have ſeen him point

A cruel

A cruel weapon 'gainſt her grief-torn breaſt,
And nature ſhudder'd when my ſword diſarm'd him.
Think then, my honour'd uncle, think what horrors
Surround my ſiſter's dreadful fate,
And uſe your eloquence to move his pity.
When that ſoft ſoother of diſtreſs has warm'd
His heart, t'will flow with words of healing comfort.
But ſee, he comes, in melancholy thought,
Recall his love, and heaven will bleſs your good-
neſs. [*exit.*

SCENE II.

RANDOLPH. DUMAL.

DUMAL.

Oh! Randolph, Randolph, art thou come to ſee
Thy brother in his wreck of earthly bliſs?
My child—my child—is ruin'd—loſt—undone.
Her happy innocence, which more I priz'd
Than e'er the ſoldier priz'd his riſing fame,
Is chang'd for infamy and laſting ſorrows.

RANDOLPH.

My heart is torn with pity at the tale,
And bleeds to ſee my brother's aged face
Bedew'd with tears. Judge then, what 'tis I feel,
To think my poor Roſalia is deceiv'd.
Oh! gentle creature! what a wretch is he,
Who dar'd to rob thee of thy innocence;

Who,

Who, with ſtrict promiſes, and bound by oaths,
Has triumph'd o'er thee in an hour unguarded.

DUMAL.

And do'ſt thou pity her?

RANDOLPH.

Why do'ſt thou aſk
If nature run within her gentle courſe?
Think'ſt thou, thy brother in her hour of grief
Would, by reproaches, add one ſingle tear
To thoſe ſhe ſheds ſo bitterly? no, no,
There is within me ſomething that forbids it.

DUMAL.

How far have I then paſs'd thoſe gentle bounds,
Whoſe hands have dar'd to ſeize my only daughter;
And tho' ſhe knelt, with ſtreaming eyes, to beg
Forgiveneſs, yet a dagger pointed at
Her heart, directed by a father's hand,
Which would have pierc'd it, had not Athamand
Diſarm'd my cruel rage, for which may heaven
Reward him with its choiceſt bleſſings!

RANDOLPH.

Reflection then has brought you to yourſelf,
And you will ſtrive with me to comfort her.

DUMAL.

I will—I will—oh! I will ſeek my child,
And preſs her ſorrows to my tender'd boſom.

RAN-

RANDOLPH.

This pious reſolution gives ſome eaſe.
Oh! had I ſeen you in your fit of rage,
My nature would have ſworn to break all ties
Of mutual friendſhip with the cruel father.

DUMAL.

Yet, do not, pray thee, leave me to myſelf.
Support my aching heart, and aid me with
Thy kind advice; I will obey in all.

RANDOLPH.

No, no, my brother, I'll return no more
To peaceful ſolitude, 'till you're reſign'd.
My life is wholly yours. But come, let's haſte
To give this injur'd innocent relief.
O'erwhelm'd with tears, deſponding, and depriv'd
Of your paternal bleſſing, all her wrongs
Are riſing to her view, with double horrors.

DUMAL.

I come, I come to ſtrain thee to my heart,
My child.

RANDOLPH.

Then go, and give thy love full vent.
Let ev'ry wiſh and look convince her,
That poor Roſalia has ſtill a father.

DUMAL.

She has, and one whoſe love is all return'd.

RANDOLPH.

But firſt compoſe thyſelf, nor meet her ſighs
With wild compaſſion in thy countenance.
Her fears are on the watch, and ſoon will be
Alarm'd. And that you may not be diſturb'd,
I'll wait on Hubert to upbraid his ſon.
Baſe villainy ſhould never lurk, but be
Expos'd to public ſcorn and infamy,
That men may learn to love and honour virtue.

SCENE III.

Another Room at DUMAL's.

ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ROSALIA.

No, my Emilia, no, I'll rave no more,
But ſink down gently to my wretched fate.
I now have gain'd the ſummit of my woes,
From whence to look down on the rugged hill,
Up which I've climb'd, my eyes behold a proſpect
Various and wild. The path in which I trod
In innocence, that leads unto its foot,
Is ſtrown with ev'ry charm of real bliſs,
And ſerves but to increaſe the dread aſcent,
Bounded on ev'ry ſide with precipices,
Whoſe frightful looks now ſtrike my ſoul with horror.
But let me turn my wandering thoughts, and look

Before

Before me to the vale of death. There ends
The ſum of my career, and the green turf
Will hide thy friend from all the world's reproaches.

EMILIA.

Yet, my Roſalia, yet reſolve to bear
Againſt the tide that ſweeps along; behold
The many ills you feel, with fortitude,
And riſe ſuperior to the breath of malice.

ROSALIA.

Yes, my Emilia, could'ſt thou give me back
My virtue, I would ſmile at worldly croſſes.
Tho' painful poverty had thrown thy friend
Upon th' unpitying world to beg for alms,
Borne up by innocence, I could ſupport
The coolneſs of my ſun-ſhine friends, the pains
Of hunger and of thirſt, and all the pangs
The ſenſible can feel from want and ſorrows.
For, when my feeble head fell drooping on
The earth, mankind would pity me, and ſhed
A tear.

EMILIA.

And who will now refuſe a tear,
When thy great injuries are juſtly told!
Who will not execrate the perjur'd man
Who thus has driv'n thee to deſpair, and hear
Thy tale with ſympathiſing grief?

ROSALIA.

Oh! do
Not think I'm on the dreadful precipice
Of dire deſpondency: my thoughts are all
Reſign'd to heaven's great will, and I but ſpeak
Of what my heart now feels. To look beyond
The limits of this world, inſpires my ſoul
With the approaching joy of being freed.
And ſweet religion tells me this, that heaven
Receives the ſighs of penitents with mercy.

SCENE IV.

DUMAL. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

DUMAL.

My daughter! oh! my child!

ROSALIA.

What would my father?
Your daughter, ſir, is here reſign'd to meet
The author of her life. But if there yet
Remain one ſingle thought of tenderneſs,
Oh! let it be beſtow'd to cheer my ſorrows—
But ſee, my friend, my father weeps—the tear
Rolls down his reverend cheeks—

DUMAL.

Come, come, my love,
My dear, dear child—oh! let me, let me kiſs thee.
Thus hanging on my neck, thus fondly preſs'd,
Forgive

Forgive that cruel heart that wiſh'd to hurt thee.

ROSALIA.

Forgive you—oh! for what have you to plead?
'Tis mine to ſue for pardon from the beſt
Of fathers.

DUMAL.

Thou haſt all my love return'd.
On thee my anger falls no more; thou know'ſt
Enough of wretchedneſs without my frowns.

ROSALIA.

Then I am ſatisfy'd, I've all I wiſh'd.
Oh! may benignant heaven reward your goodneſs!
And may its lenient hand heal all your ſorrows!

DUMAL.

Dear, injur'd child, to me entruſt thy cauſe;
I will hang o'er thy woes with fondeſt care,
Find out new ways to teach thee happineſs,
And will purſue the wretch who has deceiv'd thee
To th' fartheſt corners of the world. I am
A father, and I'll be reveng'd. They lord
It o'er the lower race of man, with proud
And narrow ſouls, becauſe they're great and rich;
But this much-injur'd heart ſhall call them to
Account, and make their villainy repent
Thy ruin.

ROSALIA.

Oh! do not thus for me involve

Yourſelf in troubles, but let me depart,
In this my ebb of life, as calm as does
The tide, when no rude blaſt diſturbs its boſom.

DUMAL.

What do'ſt thou mean?

ROSALIA.

Death, death comes quickly on,
I feel it ſpread through ev'ry vein, and ſoon
'Twill free me from my griefs.

DUMAL.

What haſt thou done?
Thy eyes look dim——oh! art thou hurry'd on,
By thy own hands, to dread eternity?

ROSALIA.

Suſpect it not—I ſhudder at the thought.
My ſoul immortal, lodg'd, by heaven's decree,
To dwell a certain time within this clay,
Trembles to quit its ſhed, 'ere order'd hence.
The large, unfathomable depth, o'er which
We all muſt paſs between the diſtant worlds,
Is not to be attempted, 'till ſome angel
Calls at our doors, to guide our trembling hoſt
Through paths yet unexplor'd, and land it ſafe,
As heaven's all-ſeeing juſtice has ordain'd.
Then fear not that I mean to ruſh from what
I know, to what not deepeſt thought can paint.

DUMAL.

How much have I not wrong'd thee by my doubts!
Oh! my Roſalia, what a crime hangs o'er
That wretch's head, who triumphs in thy ruin!
Methinks thou art not well—thy tender ſoul
Has been too hurry'd, and has need of eaſe.
Do thou, my good Emilia, cheer her up,
I know thou lov'ſt the kind and friendly office,
And let due nouriſhment be had. Go, go,
My child, and lie thee down to reſt.
I'll not diſturb thee yet awhile; when thou
Haſt been refreſh'd with ſleep I'll come again.
Go, my ſweet love, thy friend will be thy nurſe.

[*exit.*

ROSALIA.

Yes, my dear parent, I will go. But ſleep,
Calm, happy ſleep muſt cloſe my eyes no more,
'Till nature draws her curtain o'er my ſight.
Come, my Emilia, leave me not to weep
Alone, but count my ſighs and learn from tears.

SCENE V.

A Public Walk.

ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR. MORNAY.

BEDAMOUR.

Ah! Athamand! let us avoid his preſence.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

What hoa, my noble friend, do you diſdain
To aſk a brother ſoldier how he fares?
It was not ſo, when, lately in the field,
You thank'd brave Athamand who ſav'd your fame.

BEDAMOUR.

Who ſav'd my fame! I underſtand you not.

ATHAMAND.

I'll then be explicit, moſt noble ſir.
You ſhameſully retir'd when the brave foe
Preſs'd hard, when I ſupported you with troops,
And brought your men again to action;
Tho' you return'd no more.

BEDAMOUR.

Talk on, young man.
The valour, that you boaſt, ſhould be extoll'd.

ATHAMAND.

And ſo ſhould yours. But, ſir, I triumph'd not
O'er a weak enemy my faithleſs friendſhip
Had baſely lur'd into an ambuſcade.
That glorious action was reſerv'd for you.
For who, but one like Bedamour, could plunge
A dagger deep into a woman's breaſt?

BEDAMOUR.

'Tis falſe, young man, I venerate the ſex;
And all the reigning toaſts are proud to name
My friendſhip in their liſt of followers.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

Conceited coxcomb, do'ſt thou think the fair,
Embelliſh'd part of the creation
Are dying for thy perjur'd heart? No, no,
There's not one virtuous woman who would bear
Thy preſence for a ſingle moment, did
She know thy real, deceitful character.
As for my falſhood, thou ſhalt prove it ſoon.
I am a ſoldier, train'd to ſtricteſt honour,
The ſword I wear defends it from the breath
Of ſuch mean villains as thy noble ſelf.

BEDAMOUR.

A villain!

ATHAMAND.

Yes, a villain, Bedamour.
Thou haſt deceiv'd my ſiſter, vilely ſtole
Her peace and happineſs, and made my father,
In his old age, a prey to miſery.

BEDAMOUR.

What does thy father think that I can ſtoop
So low as take thy ſiſter to my arms!

ATHAMAND.

No, ſir, my father holds you in too mean
A light to form a thought like this. He ſees
You proud and haughty, loſt in virtue's liſt,
Perjur'd and falſe, a ſcandal to mankind.

BEDAMOUR.

'Tis well, young man, my noble friend has heard you.
And, ſir, my honour'd father ſhall chaſtiſe
Such inſolence, and throw you from your poſt.

ATHAMAND.

Thy houour'd father, if a wretch like thee,
May do his worſt—I've never been a coward.
But, ſir, I'll haſte your vengeance on, and now
Will give your boaſted birth the faireſt trial,
Your friend is here, and I have none; then draw
Your ſword, as I do mine.

BEDAMOUR.

I ſhall not ſtoop
So low—

ATHAMAND.

You mean, great ſir, you dare not do it.

BEDAMOUR.

Not dare!

ATHAMAND.

No; villains dread to meet a juſt
And honeſt man; and cowards are not brave.

BEDAMOUR.

A coward! ah!—

MORNAY.

Forbear, my noble friend, you both are warm'd.
Reflect, and if his rage be falſely grounded,

Demand

Demand from juſtice what his ſword has aſk'd.
Retire, I beg you, ſir. Whilſt I am here
No quarrel ſhall take place

ATHAMAND.

Another time
May ſerve as well. My ſiſter's heavy wrongs
Are planted here, and ev'ry tear ſhe ſheds
Is mine. [*Exit* Athamand.

MORNAY.

What means he by his ſiſter's wrongs,
And all the tenor of his eager ſpeech?
You have not gone beyond the bounds of virtue;
If e'er I find you have, farewell to friendſhip.

BEDAMOUR.

'Tis but the cant of diſappointed women,
When they have loſt a lover they could wiſh
To hold. But come, let us retire from hence;
Who knows what this mad, raſh-brain'd man
May not attempt to do; and 'tis the time
I am to meet my ſocial friends.

MORNAY.

I follow.

SCENE VI.

A Room at HUBERT's.

HUBERT. RANDOLPH.

HUBERT.

Your errand hither, ſir, if I may aſk it,

Or what acquaints me with your name?

RANDOLPH.

My name is Randolph, to befriend my niece,
Old Dumal's daughter, is my journey hither;
Whoſe character your ſon has ſo much injur'd.

HUBERT.

My ſon, old man, has other views than waſte
His time in childiſh love. If this be all
You want, retire.

RANDOLPH.

Old as I am, great ſir,
My age has not been ſtain'd with infamy.
I never yet gave countenance to vice,
As you have done.

HUBERT.

Know you to whom you ſpeak?

RANDOLPH.

Full well—our ſorrows teach me that.

HUBERT.

Then pray
Be cautious, leſt you paſs the bounds of due
Reſpect.

RANDOLPH.

Reſpect ſits eaſy on my face,
When I addreſs an honour'd character.
But when I ſpeak to lords, like you, I ſcorn

To

To be an hypocrite. My heart is plain,
Not train'd to curs'd deceit, as is your ſon's.

HUBERT.

Uſe not this freedom, ſir, to injure him:
I ſhall retort the wrong you do, in more
Than tenfold miſchief.

RANDOLPH.

That's already done.
Drooping with grief, Roſalia's heart is breaking.
Your vile, deceitful ſon, by promiſes
He never meant to keep, has made my niece,
From the moſt happy of her ſex, the moſt
Completely wretched. Then, for once, be juſt.
Delay th' approaching nuptial hour. I do
Not wiſh your ſon to link his fate with hers,
But only aſk his wedding-day may be
Deferr'd in juſt compaſſion to her ſtate,
'Till ſhe be hence withdrawn to ſome remote
And rural ſcene, or 'till the hand of death
Has clos'd her eyes in everlaſting ſleep.

HUBERT.

And do you think I ſhall conſent to this?
No, no, Athalia's family I dare
Not offer to affront. My ſon, to-morrow,
Shall claim her as his bride.

RANDOLPH.

Her family!

And where's the mighty difference that makes
Athalia's character rever'd, and ours
Beneath e'en common pity? Is it riches,
Or nobleneſs of birth?

HUBERT.

'Tis both, good ſir.

RANDOLPH.

And which way does it higher riſe than mine?
Search in the annals and reſpective date
Of old nobility, and ours appears
Superior or to thine, proud lord, or hers;
Tho' fortune has not been ſo kind, yet I
Have thouſands to beſtow.

HUBERT.

Well, well,
Beſtow them where you will. It ſuits me not
To parley thus, you may retire.

RANDOLPH.

I will.
But, ſir, remember if I chance to thwart
Your views, I've been provok'd. My ſoul
Diſdains to let deceit prevail, and, while
It pleaſes heaven's good will to give me health,
I will employ my time to guard ſweet virtue,
And to befriend the injur'd innocent.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

DUMAL. HUBERT. RANDOLPH.

DUMAL.

Ah! Hubert, is it you my eyes behold?
Are you the father of that man, who has
Deſtroy'd my happineſs on earth? Are you
The author of a life, which has been ſpent
To plunder virtue of her faireſt child?

HUBERT.

Dumal, begone, nor dare t' affront me here.

DUMAL.

Dumal, proud, haughty lord, will ſpeak to thee,
Or to the nobleſt peer within this realm,
When he diſplays his daughter's many wrongs.
Look on my age, look on my wrinkled face,
Examine then the feelings of my heart,
Stabb'd thro' and thro' by Bedamour's deſigns
Againſt my poor, unhappy daughter's virtue,
And give an injur'd father ſome relief.

HUBERT.

Retire, my houſe is not to be diſturb'd.
I've company.

DUMAL.

Will Hubert then avoid
To make atonement for the injuries
His ſon has done my daughter? Will he not

Vouch-

Vouchſafe to hear my juſt complaints?

HUBERT.

I know no crime my ſon has done. Young men
Are often fooliſh in their private friendſhip,
And women meet them more than half the way.

DUMAL.

This vile inſinuation is enough.
Poor as I am, I will not take it, Hubert.
Thy age is no excuſe. If then thou'rt noble,
Of which thy haughty pride makes greateſt boaſt,
Give ſatisfaction for thy ſlanderous words.

RANDOLPH.

Hold, hold, my brother, hold.

DUMAL.

Randolph, let go.
Reflect, a father's fondneſs guides my ſword.
Hubert, defend thy wretched life.

HUBERT.

What are you come like baſe aſſaſſins to deſtroy me?
But, ſir, you ſhall repent this raſh attempt.

DUMAL.

Repentance is for guilty ſouls like thine,
And Bedamour's, who bluſh at nought but virtue.

HUBERT.

Should you be thrown into a priſon's dampneſs,
Lay all the blame upon yourſelf; retire,

Raſh

Raſh man, but know that juſtice ſhall purſue you.
[*exit.*

DUMAL.

Juſtice! deſcend, ſweet heaven-born maid, inſpire
Mankind to treat all villainy, tho' cloath'd
In purple robes, with juſt contempt; preſerve
The injur'd mourner from the tongue of malice;
Let the reflection that attends on virtue
Make ev'ry moment bright; and let the ſtings
Of an upbraiding conſcience haunt the guilty.
Come, come, my Randolph, let us quit this houſe;
And turn our thoughts to eaſe my darling child,
Whoſe tears are ſtreaming to bewail her ſorrows.

End of the THIRD ACT.

SEDUCTION.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room at DUMAL's.

DUMAL. RANDOLPH.

RANDOLPH.

BE pacify'd, my good Dumal, and look
Upon the haughty Count with the diſdain
His inhumanity ſo juſtly merits.

DUMAL.

Yes, from my very ſoul I do. His mean
Aſſertion here has planted ſtings, which time
Can never heal—My daughter meet his ſon—
'Tis falſe; 'tis falſe.—Her heart was virtuous
'Till his vile offspring taught her vice.

RANDOLPH.

But do, my brother, calm your rage, it will
But more diſturb the child we wiſh to ſave.

DUMAL.

Ah! think you ſo? Then I am calm'd; and, if
Her peace can be re-purchas'd, I'll forgive him:

Forgive

Forgive him all the evils heap'd upon us.
But ah! what do I ſay? ſhall the proud wretch,
Who wantons in my daughter's ruin, live
In ſplendor, as the price of villainy?
And I, my Randolph, I, who train'd my daughter
In virtue's holy path, be doom'd to ſorrows,
And ſit down calmly with my fate allotted?
No, no, it cannot—muſt not—ſhall not be.

RANDOLPH.

And what would you reſolve, Dumal, what think on?

DUMAL.

Oh! lay thy hand upon my head, and feel
How hot it is with what my whirling thoughts
Collect to wreak my vengeance on them both.

RANDOLPH.

Vengeance, my brother! oh! 'tis not a time
To talk of what their cruelty deſerves.
Let that employ ſome other day; this hour
Demands thy tenderneſs and love; and if
Thou wilt not go to viſit our dear mourner,
I'll leave our cauſe to thy revenge, and fly
To whiſper comfort to her grief-fraught ſoul.

DUMAL.

My Randolph, pray thee, ſpare my breaking heart.
Oh! do not go alone, leſt, if ſhe ſee
Me not, her agonies may be increas'd.

RANDOLPH.

Why then delay to cheer thy child? ſhe knows
We are return'd, and waits for thy embrace:
'Tis now her only happineſs in life.

DUMAL.

Then let me haſte to preſs her to my ſoul,
To talk with fondneſs to her ſighs, to gaze,
With ſtrong affection, on her filial looks,
And hang with rapture on her lovely neck.
But oh! my brother, heavy ſinks the thought
That paints her ſorrows to my tortur'd boſom,
That tells me my Roſalia is undone.

SCENE II.

DUMAL. RANDOLPH. ATHAMAND.

DUMAL.

Oh! Athamand, my other child, come near me.
Give me thy hand and be my kind ſupport.
Sorrows have prey'd upon an old man's head,
And are too ſtrong, too ſtrong to bear.

ATHAMAND.

Are you
Not well, my honour'd ſir! oh! lean your head
Upon my breaſt, and ſigh your ſorrows there.

DUMAL.

My Athamand, from what thou ſee'ſt be taught.
Theſe many years have I been more than happy,

In

In thinking that I nurs'd two virtuous children:
In them my whole delight on earth was plac'd,
'Till a rude ſpoiler ſtripp'd me of my joys,
And did not heſitate to load my age
With ever flowing tears to pleaſe his paſſions.
Oh! learn from hence to be more juſt. Addreſs
No woman with a baſe, deceitful heart:
Reſpect the tender ſex, and if thou lov'ſt
A worthy perſon, let thy love be pure.
Let no one action draw a modeſt bluſh;
Much leſs with cunning arts attempt to rob
Her of her innocence, leſt ſome fond father,
Like the old, wretched man, thou ſee'ſt before thee,
Keep in her ruin, and, with bitter plaints,
Call down deep vengeance on thy future life.

ATHAMAND.

Thus may your ſon proceed; thus may he long
Be taught to act! But ſee, my Uncle, how
He looks.—The blood forſakes his cheeks—

DUMAL.

Give me
Some air—oh! lead me to a ſeat.—My child—
My daughter—oh! my poor Roſalia! [*he faints.*

RANDOLPH.

There, Athamand, behold thy wretched father,
And think what puniſhment the man deſerves
Whoſe baſe, ungenerous actions have diſtreſs'd him.

ATHAMAND.

Oh! ſir, my boſom execrates the villian;
But ſure a time will come, that will repay
His many crimes. At preſent let my thoughts
Be there, let me obſerve his heaving heart,
And pray to heaven to eaſe my father.
Oh! pow'r omnipotent, who deal'ſt to all
What in thy holy will thou know'ſt the beſt,
With pity look on what he feels, and, as
He bleeds to ſee fair virtue triumph'd o'er
By lordly vice, ſend patience to his aid,
To bear him through the ſcene. Still, ſtill
His wandering ſpirits fly to other objects,
No ſign appears that life revives. Oh! ſir,
Go, bring my ſiſter to my help.

RANDOLPH.

Be calm;
Nor fear, good Athamand, he will recover.
Thy ſiſter comes.

SCENE III.

DUMAL, RANDOLPH, ATHAMAND, ROSALIA,

ROSALIA,

My honour'd ſir, why comes
My parent not to ſee his child, who wants
The bleſſing of his love to clear her few
Short hours of life—but ah! why look you thus,

My

My brother? ah! my father? why, why lies
He there, pale, pale?—oh ſpeak, reſolve my doubs.

RANDOLPH.

My dear Roſalia, yet be patient; ſoon
He will be able to behold his child.

ROSALIA.

Oh! he is dead; and I unhappy, wretch.
Have given the deadly ſtab.—Now tell the world
A baſe, ungrateful woman, has outdone
The fierce barbarian in his cruelty.

ATHAMAND.

Oh! pray thee talk with reaſon to my ſoul.
Kneel down and preſs his hand, recall his ſpirits,
And bid him live to bleſs us both.

ROSALIA.

My dear,
Dear father, hear thy daughter's fault'ring voice:
Oh! let me ſee thee ſmile once more, that I
May know I have not added to my crimes
The dreadful title of a parricide.
Oh! wretched me! he hears me not, my brother.

RANDOLPH

My loving children do not deſpair,
Old age is weak, and, when 'tis weary'd out,
Is often ſlow in its return to life.
But ſee his lips begin to change.

ROSALIA.

Oh? I
Will bleſs you with my warmeſt prayers, if true,
And ſee, my Athamand, how he revives.
Kind heaven! I thank thy care.

DUMAL.

Oh! weakneſs, how
Do'ſt thou o'ercome our feeble years!

ATHAMAND.

Will you
Retire to reſt, awhile, good ſir?

DUMAL.

I'm ſick,
Yes, yes, I'm very ſick.—My daughter—oh!
My dear, dear daughter!—My Roſalia!

ROSALIA.

Ah! hear, he ſpeaks of me; for me he dies.

DUMAL.

What voice is that! a pleaſing echo ſtrikes
My ears, and calls me from my miſery.
Oh! my Roſalia, is it thou, whoſe hand
I preſs in mine? is it my child, who weeps
Thus fondly o'er her father's life? my ſon
Too watches how his parent does. Oh! come
My precious to thy father's arms, and lay
Thy cheek to his: thus, thus recall'd, my ſoul
Deſiſted in its eager flight, and turn'd

Again

Again to bleſs you both.

ROSALIA.

Yes, yes, we both
Are bleſs'd. But ſay, for yet I find you're weak,
Had you not beſt refreſh yourſelf with ſleep?

DUMAL.

Oh! no, I'm now recover'd to my ſtrength,
And need no farther eaſe than thus to ſee you.

RANDOLPH.

But yet, my brother, if you'll be advis'd,
A ſhort repoſe is what your ſpirits want,
'Twill much aſſiſt you.

ROSALIA.

Yes, my tender father,
Lie down awhile, I will attend your ſlumbers;
I'll ſit upon your bed, and pray that heaven
Will bleſs the worthy heart that lodges in you.

DUMAL.

Bleſs'd, bleſs'd be thine, thou dear, dear child!—
But come,
I will obey your fond requeſt, ſince thou
Wilt ſmooth my pillow with thy filial love.

SCENE IV.

ATHAMAND. MORNAY.

MORNAY.

A moment, Athamand, I wiſh to ſpeak to you.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

What does the friend of Bedamour deſire?
Be brief, my father calls me to his bed.

MORNAY.

From what I've learn'd my errand brings me hither
Againſt my will, but as my voice, perhaps,
May ſmooth the harſhneſs of the meſſage ſent,
I here am come to charge your father not
To ſtir from home. Lord Hubert has obtain'd
This order from the court.

ATHAMAND.

The King's commands
Shall be obey'd, I long have known that duty.
But wherefore, Mornay, with theſe gentle looks,
Are you ſo fond of Bedamour's falſe friendſhip?
I've heard your name and family, ſince firſt
I ſaw you here, and from the common voice,
That ſays you're good, but unſuſpecting, e'en
Amidſt the troubles that oppreſs our houſe,
My ſoul looks on you with an eye of pity.

MORNAY.

I thank your generous kindneſs, and declare
I am your friend. Your conduct has been great,
And won me to admire your ſentiments,
As far ſuperior to the man's I once
Eſteem'd, as was your courage in the field.

ATHAMAND.

Why then, my Mornay, are you ſeen t' eſpouſe
Their cauſe?

MORNAY.

I've done my laſt; this meſſage brought,
I ſhall deſpiſe their narrow ſouls, and fly
His friendſhip, leſt I may, like him, become
A perjur'd wretch.

ATHAMAND.

Ah! then you know his crime;
You know the heart he covers with deceit.
Oh! Mornay, as the ſcene is now diſcover'd,
If you are led aſtray, no man will pity you.
When friendſhip ſtrives t' allure a thoughtleſs youth
From what is noble, juſt, and virtuous,
To turn his light unbalanc'd boat adrift
In ſearch of pleaſures, painted to his view
As exquiſite and laſting in a ſea of bliſs,
We ſhudder to behold him floating on
The dangerous hidden ſhelves and rocky ſhore,
And wiſh to give him ev'ry help: but when
The horrors of approaching ruin lie
Expos'd before his eyes, and he has pow'r
Once more to gain the peaceful port, if he
Puſh madly on, we then withdraw our aid,
Leſt he ſhould drag us down the rapid ſtream.

MORNAY.

But oh! good Athamand, deny it not
To me, I will receive your kind advice,
And fly deſtruction ere it be too late.

Re-enter RANDOLPH.

ATHAMAND.

How is my parent?

RANDOLPH.

Quite at eaſe, my nephew.
A gentle ſleep will perfect all.

ATHAMAND.

Kind heaven
I thank thy goodneſs, ev'ry hour renew'd!
As I have buſineſs with this youth, I'll leave
My father to your watchful care, anon
I will return.

RANDOLPH.

Then go, my Athamand.
My brother claims my deareſt love. [*exit.*

ATHAMAND.

Come, Mornay,
I'll wait on Hubert, and whilſt on the road,
I will explain the motives of my conduct.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Room at HUBERT's.

HUBERT. BEDAMOUR.

HUBERT.

Come, cheer thee up, my ſon, why thus perplex'd?
A bridegroom ſhould be ſprightly, gay, and free
From ev'ry trace of care.

BEDAMOUR.

'Tis true, he ſhould:
But ſomething weighs upon my heart that keeps
My ſpirits low. This Athamand, who holds
Not one ungenerous thought (for long I've known
The goodneſs of his ſoul) is come untimely.
He will not fail to give a tender ear
To all his ſiſter ſays, and will reſent
Our conduct with his uſual bravery.

HUBERT.

And haſt not thou a ſword as well as he?
A ſword thou haſt been taught to uſe? I am
Aſham'd to hear thee talk. Then, pray thee, ſay
No more, but wait upon thy noble bride,
And only think of happineſs. The reſt
Be left to me; I can ſecure the haughty youth.

BEDAMOUR.

No, let him range at large; I need not wiſh
To hurt his peace.—I've injur'd him enough.

HUBERT.

What doſt thou ſay, young man? Let all be ſilent,
Nor let me hear a word that may put off
The marriage for a ſingle day. I long
Have borne with thy repeated youthful follies,
And have forgiven all; but here they end.
Athalia's noble houſe accepts thy hand,
And by my hopes thou ſhalt obey me.

BEDAMOUR.

I will, my lord; I did not mean to act
In oppoſition to your will: 'Tis now
Too late. The beauteous fair has won my heart,
And I ſhall gratefully accept the pledge
She gives me of her tender love.

HUBERT.

Ah! now,
My ſon, thou mak'ſt me happy, and again
I give thee all my love. Forget what I
In anger ſaid, and aſk e'en half my fortune.

BEDAMOUR.

No, generous ſir, enjoy it all, while heaven
Preſerves your life, to make my happineſs
Complete. Poſſeſs'd of fair Athalia's heart,
'Tis not in fortune's power to add a bleſſing.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

An officer, my lord, would gladly ſee you.

HUBERT.

HUBERT.

Bid him come in. Perhaps he brings ſome meſſage
From old Dumal.

SCENE VI.

HUBERT. BEDAMOUR. ATHAMAND.

ATHAMAND.

'Tis true, my lord, he does.
That poor, unhappy father, ſends me here
To ſpeak to Hubert, with the voice of freedom,
Who has not bluſh'd to place a centinel
To keep a wretched mourner cloſe confin'd,
Whom his proud race has ſtabb'd with deepeſt malice.

HUBERT.

Forbear this arrogance of ſpeech, young man,
Leſt I revenge th' affront you offer Hubert.

ATHAMAND.

Let the unjuſtly us'd talk of revenge,
And not the men who triumph o'er the weak.
My name is Athamand, a good man's ſon,
Who 'here am come to tell you what the world
Thinks of the wretch, who trembles by your ſide.
His brother ſoldiers ſay he is a coward,
And I am ready to maintain their words:
My injur'd father ſays he is a villain:
My weeping ſiſter ſhudders at the thought,

When

When ſhe recounts his broken oaths and vows:
And I aſſert he is a perjur'd monſter.

BEDAMOUR.

Ah! ſay'ſt thou ſo!

HUBERT.

Forbear to draw thy ſword.

ATHAMAND.

Come on, thou plunderer of innocence,
And let us meet.—I wiſh no better ſport.
But let it reſt, it knows its lurking place.

HUBERT.

This boaſting courage ſuits you well. You've loſt
The huſband whom your ſiſter wiſh'd to gain:
And to preſerve her character from ſport,
Pretend my ſon has us'd her ill; has made
Great promiſes he never meant to keep:
And that he has deceiv'd an honeſt girl.
You may amuſe the populace awhile
By ſuch a ſpecious tale; but know, young man,
Count Hubert can reſent th' affront. Retire,
My ſon; and you, brave ſoldier, if you would
Avoid my power, this moment quit my houſe.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

HUBERT. ATHAMAND.

ATHAMAND.

Your power! it cannot change me to a villain,
I dare defy its worſt effects. Your pride
I ſcorn—Your meanneſs I contemn—Your great
And noble houſe I utterly deſpiſe.
Sweet innocence, tho' poor, exceeds them all.

HUBERT.

'Tis well, young man, you've ſaid enough; but know,
My intereſt is ſuch with our good king,
That I will ſtrip you of your gaudy dreſs,
And throw you to a ſtate of poverty.

ATHAMAND.

Thou can'ſt not, haughty lord, deprive my ſoul
Of the great love it cheriſhes for virtue:
Thou can'ſt not make me, like thy ſon, a foe
To all that's laudable in man; nor will
Our king, when all my ſiſter's wrongs are known,
Diſgrace an honeſt ſoldier, who has ſerv'd
His country like a man, to glut your pride,

HUBERT.

That, ſir, we'll try.

ATHAMAND.

Whene'er you pleaſe, I'm ready.

But

But there, great lord, your mean revenge will fall
Unſatisfy'd, while mine will ſhortly be
Fulfill'd. Farewell; but be aſſur'd, by me,
Your ſon ſhall never have Athalia's hand.
Poor as I am, I'll ſave her from her ruin.

HUBERT.

This moment quit my houſe, or, by my honour,
My ſervants ſhall chaſtiſe your inſolence.

ATHAMAND.

I will; and leave you to your ſerious thoughts.
When men, ennobled for their merits, claim
Eſteem, I'm happy to reſpect their virtues:
But when, like you, they boaſt their gaudy titles,
With haughtineſs look down on lower ranks,
And think their good inferiors born to bear
Their lordly ſtate with meek humility,
I hold their narrow ſouls in great contempt,
And laugh, with ſcorn, to ſee their empty pride.

SCENE VIII.

DUMAL'S.

RANDOLPH. ROSALIA.

RANDOLPH.

How fares my brother?

ROSALIA.

Still he ſleeps, good ſir,

And

And nature is moſt kind. A balm returns
Upon his cheeks, and when he wakes, I hope
He'll find freſh vigour from his ſhort repoſe.

RANDOLPH.

Enough to bear him hence with you and me.

ROSALIA.

What mean you, ſir?

RANDOLPH

Some fifty miles from hence
You know I have a country ſeat, retir'd
From worldly noiſe, and far ſequeſter'd in
A wild, but pleaſant road: Around my houſe
All breathes a calm, unruffled quiet. None
Frequent my dwelling, but a few, whoſe years
Or ripen'd conduct have deſerv'd my notice.
To this abode, where, long, content has dwelt,
We will retire, far from the breath of malice.

ROSALIA.

Alas! dear ſir, it cannot be. Worn out
With bitter anguiſh and repentant ſighs,
Your wretched, tho' your grateful niece, muſt ne'er
Expect to meet with happineſs. Her days,
Perhaps her hours, are few, and cannot look
Beyond her preſent ſtate.

RANDOLPH.

Thou muſt not talk

With this deſpondency, but rouſe thy hopes.
A father's fondneſs calls them back; on him
Let all thy thoughts be fix'd, and while thou ſee'ſt
His tender heart a prey to fears and ſorrows,
Reſolve for him to live, if for thyſelf
All care be loſt.

ROSALIA.

May heaven for ever guard
His precious health! may ſome good angel ſmooth
His path, and make his old age eaſy to him!
And may his tenderneſs, beſtow'd on me,
Meet with its merited reward! But why
Does my kind uncle wiſh his niece to live?

RANDOLPH.

To bleſs us all; a father, brother, uncle.

ROSALIA.

Kind heav'n will bleſs you for the love you've ſhewn
To one, whoſe conduct has but merited
Reproof.——But ſee how much I'm chang'd ſince ſhame
Has torn me from the friendſhip of the good.
My eyes are ſunk; my cheeks grown pale; my heart
Beats ſlowly in my breaſt; my feeble limbs
Can ſcarce ſupport my ſteps; and all my troubles
Preſs with united force to bear me down.
Deſiſt then, gentle ſir, and rather lighten
My few ſhort moments with your friendly counſel.

RANDOLPH.

RANDOLPH.

Then my poor brother muſt remain deſerted,
And thou wilt calmly leave him to his ſorrows.
Well, well, Roſalia, it will do; the good
Old man has now receiv'd the ſtroke of death.

ROSALIA.

Forbear, dear ſir.—Give me your hand.—My heart
Grows ſick.—I will obey your kind requeſt.
Convey me hence whene'er you pleaſe—I'm ready.

RANDOLPH.

Now, now, my lovely niece, thou giv'ſt us eaſe.
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee us hence, and we
Will nurſe thee yet to happineſs and peace.
The ſtorm blown o'er, again the ſun ſhall ſhine,
And ev'ry proſpect wear a look of joy.

ROSALIA.

Now ſatisfy'd, let me go watch my father,
That when he wakes I may receive his bleſſing.

RANDOLPH.

So do, my deareſt niece, thy ſight will cheer him.

SCENE IX.

RANDOLPH, *ſolus.*

How am I ſhock'd to think ſo good a creature
Has been by artful man deceiv'd! but yet
What comfort to her friends to think her crime

Has, by repentant tears, been blotted out.
How many hundreds walk our city's ſtreets,
Who once were beautiful and good as ſhe,
By promiſes and oaths from virtue drawn;
But when once led aſtray were ſtill lur'd on,
By artful fondneſs, in their guilty courſe,
'Till thrown from every friendly door, and caſt
Upon a ſelfiſh world, in miſery,
Are forc'd to gain a wretched maintenance,
By plunging deeper into vice and ſorrow.
Think, ye ſeducers of ſuch innocence,
Ere you repeat the crime, that virtue claims
The patient ear of heav'nly juſtice;
And that theſe wretched wanderers, tho' you riot
In ev'ry lawleſs pleaſure wealth can purchaſe,
In ſerious moments curſe their vile deceivers.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

SEDUCTION.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room at HUBERT's.

HUBERT. BEDAMOUR.

HUBERT.

GO, take this ſword, and, as thou fear'ſt my anger,
Defend thy honour from the villain's breath.
If thou be pacify'd by artful words,
And do'ſt not meet his ſword, by all my hopes
I will diſcard thee from my houſe, deſpiſe
Thee as a wretch, and treat thee as a coward.

BEDAMOUR.

Be calm, my lord, nor doubt my injur'd courage.
This letter is enough to ſpur me on,
And I will be reveng'd.

HUBERT.

Pauſe it o'er
Again, and let thy rage take fire from what
Th' inſulting Athamand has written.

BEDA-

BEDAMOUR, *(reading.)*

My Lord,

That you may believe I intend to aſſert in publick, what I lately told you in private, this will again repeat to you, that your ſon is a coward, a villain, and a perjur'd wretch; and that you may not triumph o'er my poor, deceiv'd, unhappy ſiſter, with a malicious pride, I am ordered by Athalia, to whom I have diſcovered your ſon's behaviour, to inform you, that ſhe will never be ſacrificed to him; and that her parents will reſent the affront you have offered to them and her. What I have ſaid I will maintain.

ATHAMAND.

HUBERT.

Enough, enough: Go, fly this very moment,
Call Athamand to meet thee on the ramparts,
And be reveng'd, or die.

BEDAMOUR.

I will, my lord.
His inſolence I can no longer bear.
If I have us'd his ſiſter ill, he has
Depriv'd me of my deareſt hopes; we now
Can meet on equal terms. Farewell, and ſoon
Expect, either to ſee me here with this
Good ſword dipt in his blood, or learn that I
Have dy'd with courage to defend my honour.

HUBERT.

HUBERT.

Remember who thou art, 'twill guide thy ſword,
And give thee triumph o'er thy enemy.
But haſte, I'm all impatience 'till 'tis o'er.

SCENE II.

DUMAL'S.

ROSALIA, *ſola, on a couch.*

Again recall'd to life, though weak and feeble,
Let me employ the precious moments left
To die reſign'd to heav'n's benignant will.
Peaceful and happy are the dying thoughts
Of her, whoſe ſpotleſs life has e'er purſu'd
The practice of each moral, ſocial virtue;
Whoſe grave no envious blaſt can hurt; who leaves
Amongſt mankind a worthy character,
And has no crime to ſtand againſt her at
The awful bar of an impartial judge!
But ah! what melancholy crouding fears
Oppreſs the laſt ſad minutes of a life
Whoſe paſſions have been long indulg'd in vice!
Its guilt will then appear in blackeſt colours,
Riſe hideous to the view, and ſtrike the ſoul
Trembling to quit this mortal frame, with dread
Reflection, and vain wiſhes that his time
Might be prolong'd, or that the paſt might be
Recall'd. Experience tells me this is true.

But

But though my reputation here be loſt,
Though innocence will not enſhrowd my tomb,
Muſt I deſpair? No, rather let me raiſe
My hopes beyond this wretched world, and pray
That heaven will ſee my tears, and ſhew me pity.
I've bitterly bewail'd my heavy fault,
And in due puniſhment reſign my life.

SCENE III.

ROSALIA. EMILIA.

EMILIA.
Alone, my friend.

ROSALIA.
So I could wiſh to be.
I've many thoughts to recollect in one,
That lie confus'd and ſcatter'd here and there.

EMILIA.
What does Roſalia mean?

ROSALIA.
Give me thy hand?

EMILIA.
Ah! yours is cold.

ROSALIA.
Life ebbs away, and death
Is haſtening on to ſeize its diſtin'd victim,
A little longer, and my troubles end.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Oh! ſay not ſo, nor pierce my boſom thus.
Let us employ our utmoſt care to ſave you,
And ſtrengthen'd yet with hopes reſolve to live.

ROSALIA.

It cannot be, the ſtruggle's nearly o'er,
And all, I hope, will ſoon be well. Beyond
The limits of this faithleſs world, whoſe bounds
I ſoon muſt paſs, my thoughts are fix'd; and all
I wiſh to do, is to convince your fondneſs
Roſalia dy'd with gratitude and love.
My dear Emilia, thou my boſom-friend
Who know'ſt what I have undergone, what nights
And days in bitter anguiſh I have ſpent,
Comfort the father whom I leave in ſorrows;
Teach him to bear my loſs with patience.
And if thou canſt, by this great love for me,
Endear my brother to requeſt thy hand,
He's good; give him thy heart, he'll not deceive thee.

EMILIA.

My lovely friend, what muſt I feel?

ROSALIA.

Be calm,
And do not make my laſt farewell more painful.
When I am gone, ſtill heaven will be thy friend,
While thou art good, and will not ceaſe to bleſs thee.
All now thou haſt to do for poor Roſalia,

Is to beſtow her to a peaceful grave:
Attend me thither, that theſe hands may pay
Their laſt ſad office, throw a few cold moulds
Upon thy dear, departed, tender friend;
And when thou tak'ſt thy final leave, beſtow
A pitying tear to our long, mutual love.

SCENE IV.

DUMAL. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

DUMAL.

Why does Emilia thus in ſorrows hang
Her head?

EMILIA.

Look there, on that dear woman's face.

DUMAL.

Ah! my Roſalia! thy eyes indeed
Have loſt their wonted brightneſs, but revive,
My brother tells me we muſt fly from hence,
And live retir'd with him in dawning peace.

ROSALIA.

Embrace the proffer of his love for you
And for your all-accompliſh'd ſon, retire
When I'm at reſt, and cheriſh my remembrance.

DUMAL.

Why guſhes forth the tear while thus thou ey'ſt me?
Why doeſt thou tremble at my ſight?

ROSALIA.

ROSALIA.

This, this
Is more than I can well ſupport. But yet
I muſt go through the ſcene with fortitude.

DUMAL.

I came not to reprove my darling child,
But with a father's fondneſs to recall
Her former cheerfulneſs of mind.

ROSALIA.

I do
Not fear your frowns, your heart's too good; and I
Return you thanks for ev'ry favour paſt.
For all your earthly goodneſs, e'en in death,
A grateful daughter pays you with her wiſhes.
For all the care you took to train me up
In virtue's holy path, kind heaven alone
Can ſhow'r down bleſſings on your heart. To me
You've nothing now to give, but to repeat
The pardon you have promis'd for my fault;
And make my paſſage to the other world
More pleaſant.

DUMAL.

My Roſalia, why do'ſt thou
Thus pierce my boſom with thy talk? Why do'ſt
Thou preſs thus earneſtly upon my hand?
There's ſomething hangs upon thy face, that fills
Me with a thouſand riſing fears.—Speak, ſpeak,
My love, this dread ſuſpence diſtracts my brain.

ROSALIA.

Your child, dear ſir, will ſoon exiſt no more,
To aſk your bleſſing on her bended knees:
No more, with gratitude, will ſhe behold
The author of her life, or cheer his age.
But moderate your griefs, my bleſſed father,
An old and virtuous man, tho' ſtripp'd of friends
And children, walks beneath the care of heaven.

DUMAL.

How calmly do'ſt thou talk of death.—But oh!
It cannot be.—Thou wilt not leave thy parent!

ROSALIA.

Tho' death be painful to us all, yet when
He knocks, we muſt obey his awful ſummons.
He's now approaching, and I am prepar'd.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Young Bedamour deſires to ſee you, ſir.

ROSALIA.

What wants the vile ſeducer here? Bid him
Retire, and not increaſe my pangs. [*exit Serv.*

DUMAL.

He ſhall,
And dread revenge ſhall tread upon his ſteps.
Thy wrongs ſhall be redreſs'd with ample juſtice.

ROSALIA.

No, let them all expire. I only wiſh

Re-

Reflection may inſtruct him how to beg
Forgiveneſs from an injur'd power above.
Do not, my tender father, wiſh to hurt him,
Much leſs may he be hurry'd hence, with all
His vices freſh, and unrepented of.
But, my Emilia, lead me hence; I'm weak,
And would repoſe awhile.

DUMAL.

Help her, with care.
A gleam of hope revives my tortur'd heart
That nature ſuccour'd will preſerve my child.

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in DUMAL'S.

ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR.

ATHAMAND.

I did not think, young lord, you would have dar'd
To enter this affronted houſe again,
Nor truſt yourſelf beneath its injur'd roof,
Leſt it ſhould fall and cruſh you in its ruins.
But men, once loſt to virtue, dare do that
Which puny ſinners fear to face. But hence,
Retire.

BEDAMOUR.

When you have anſwer'd my demands,
I will.

ATHA-

ATHAMAND.

Then make them known; my open heart
Diſdains to anſwer with a lie.

BEDAMOUR.

Perhaps
You know this letter, ſign'd by Athamand?

ATHAMAND.

This hand my ſoul directed as I wrote it.

BEDAMOUR.

You will not then be much ſurpris'd to ſee
Me here. I ſhould deſerve the glorious titles
That you have given me amongſt my friends,
If I neglected to confront your boldneſs.
But, ſir, tho' unexpected, here I am,
Ready to anſwer your aſſertions.

ATHAMAND.

And trembles not your heart, to think who here
Is faſt approaching to her wretched fate?
Or is your ſoul ſo callous grown to pity,
As to behold the ruin you have made,
Without a ſigh, or wiſh you had not caus'd it?

BEDAMOUR.

This is no time for parley.—I'm a coward.—
This ſword ſhall teach thee how to uſe
My reputation.—I'm a villain.—
As villains we ſhall meet on equal terms.—
I am, in fine, a perjur'd wretch.—But who

Has

Has ſtolen Athalia from my love?

ATHAMAND.

The man,
Falſe Bedamour, who holds the female ſex
In ſuch a tender light, that he would ſcorn
To proſtitute a virtuous woman's love,
E'en to his deareſt friend, did he ſuppoſe
He was not worthy of her heart. I'm happy
Amidſt the ſwelling deluge of my troubles,
To think I have deſerv'd a woman's thanks,
For ſtanding in her juſt defence.

BEDAMOUR.

Enough,
Enough. But haſte, and with me ſeek the ramparts.
I thirſt to be reveng'd.

ATHAMAND.

Thy thirſt ſhall ſoon
Be ſatisfy'd. I'm never backward when
Vindictive honour calls. Then come,
I'm ready, Bedamour. My ſiſter's wrongs
Shall give new vigour to my ſword, and thou
Shalt ſee the difference 'twixt guilt and virtue.
I'll lead the way; come on.

SCENE VI.

HUBERT. ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR.

HUBERT.

Ah! Athamand!

Not

Not yet chaſtis'd! What means thy tardineſs?
Art thou cajol'd by ſoft'ning words to ſheath
Thy ſword, when I command it to be drawn?

ATHAMAND.

Why thus enrag'd, great lord? Your noble ſon
Has call'd me to defiance for my letter.
He is not pleas'd to hear his character,
That is ſo loudly ſpoken of by fame,
Traduc'd; nor likes he well the title of
A perjur'd, cruel, diſappointed lover.
He therefore wiſhes to provoke my ſword.
I've us'd it in my king and country's cauſe;
'Tis ready to repay a ſiſter's wrongs.

HUBERT.

Then let me not delay your boaſted courage,
My Bedamour, yield not to terms, but meet
This inſolent young man, reſolv'd to have
Strict reparation made.

BEDAMOUR.

You need not fear,
My lord; I have provok'd him to a combat,
And he ſhall fight, or meaner ways ſhall treat
His cowardice as he deſerves.

ATHAMAND.

Come, come,
This idle froth of words does but delay us.
Hubert, farewell. Remember, if he fall,
He falls a ſacrifice to injur'd virtue.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

DUMAL. HUBERT. ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR.

DUMAL.

My Athamand, why do'ſt thou leave my houſe?
Or why are Hubert and his ſon within
My wretched doors?

ATHAMAND.

I go, my honour'd father,
To fight this youth, by whom my ſiſter's loſt.

DUMAL.

Ah! ſay'ſt thou ſo! By ev'ry holy law
That does forbid this falſe and guilty honour,
I charge thee not to leave my houſe. 'Tis true,
In madneſs I, not long ſince, would have done
What, on reflection, I abhor. The man
Who draws his ſword, if not employ'd to ſerve
A public cauſe; if he o'ercome his foe,
But aggravates his guilt; and, when he's calm'd,
Beholds a brother murder'd by his hands,
With ev'ry horror human thought can feel,
And trembles leſt vindictive juſtice treads
Upon his ſteps: Or, if he chance to fall,
Headlong he ruſhes with a ranc'rous ſoul
Into the preſence of his God, who teaches,
That if with him we wiſh to plead for mercy,
We ſhould expire in love with all mankind.

HUBERT.

Deſiſt, old man, and let them meet, or worſe
Chaſtiſement ſhall reſent your inſolence.
Go, Bedamour, and make him own thou'rt not
A villain.

DUMAL.

Athamand, obey thy father.

ATHAMAND.

I have obey'd you, ſir; my warmth is o'er.

HUBERT.

Ah! now I ſee where cowardice reſides.
I thought thy boaſtings were but words.

DUMAL.

Miſtaken notions guide you ſtill. But know
The meaneſt coward may be brave in anger.
But ſtep into the field of awful battle,
The coward there will lag behind, look pale,
Deſert his poſt with plauſible pretences,
And be the firſt to fly.
But the true hero marches calmly on,
Views ghaſtly death around him with an eye
Of pity, not of fear; and, to the laſt,
Fights bravely to maintain his country's cauſe.
But, ſir, here let it drop: My only daughter,
Your ſon has us'd with mean barbarity,
Is now reduc'd to the laſt ſtage of life.

Her

Her peaceful moments are diſturb'd, while here
You ſtay, I therefore beg you to retire.

BEDAMOUR.

Not 'till your ſon has ſatisfy'd my honour.

DUMAL.

Your honour! Bedamour! 'twas baſely loſt
When my poor daughter's happineſs you ſtole.
But, ſir, that injur'd mourner has forgiven you:
Nay more, has drawn a promiſe from me, not
To hurt the ſhortener of her days. I've ſeal'd
Your pardon with a kind, parental kiſs.
My ſon ſhall never ſpeak of Bedamour
Again to wound his character. I leave
You to your thoughts. The wretch you've made, with tears,
Has pleaded and procur'd forgiveneſs for you.

ATHAMAND.

Sweet, injur'd creature, how can I behold
Thy many injuries, and yet forbear?
But, my kind parent, I'm reſign'd; my will
Is yours.—Oh! heaven! in pity look upon her,
And yet preſerve her, to preſerve us all!

SCENE VIII.

RANDOLPH. DUMAL. HUBERT. ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR.

RANDOLPH.

Oh! wretched hour! in vain we've hop'd. The
ſkill'd
Phyſician has obſerv'd her agonies.
He ſays her heart is broken, and her death
Is near.

DUMAL.

Oh! grant me patience, heaven?

RANDOLPH

And yet
She calmly waits its ſtroke, and only aſks
To ſee her good, forgiving parent, e'er
She breathes her laſt, and to behold her brother,
Once more to take her parting leave, and beg
A full forgiveneſs from you both, for him
To whoſe deſigns ſhe falls a ſacrifice.

BEDAMOUR.

Shame, grief, and horrors, riſe upon my ſoul:
The virtuous woman ſpares her murderer!

HUBERT.

What do'ſt thou mean, vile, ſenſeleſs wretch?

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! ſir,
What have you done? Why did you blame my love?

Re-

Reflection comes upon me, and diſtracts me.
Give me to ſee her, e'er it be too late.

HUBERT.

'Tis nothing but an artful tale to blind us.
Deſiſt, or I will throw thee from my fortune.

BEDAMOUR.

Take, take it all; the fear of which has made
Me curs'd. Let me behold Roſalia.

RANDOLPH.

It cannot be, you'll but diſturb her more.
Go with your father, and regain his love.
But ſee ſhe comes ſupported by her friend.

ATHAMAND.

Look there, and ſee the ruin villainy
Has made, and tremble at her injur'd preſence.

SCENE *the laſt.*

DUMAL. HUBERT. RANDOLPH. ATHAMAND. BEDAMOUR. ROSALIA. EMILIA.

ROSALIA.

Lead, lead me to my father. Oh! good ſir,
Let me recline my head upon your breaſt.

DUMAL.

Lend me ſome help, my pitying friends. My ſon,
Support me in my griefs.—My lovely child,
Thou dear, dear comfort of my age, look up,
And yet reſolve to live.

ROSALIA.

It is in vain
To wiſh for life, though nature faints to leave
My parent and my brother's ſight, to bid
You both an everlaſting, long farewell.
My Athamand, I pray thee, do not weep.
Come near, and let me give thee one fond kiſs,
The laſt thy poor loſt ſiſter e'er muſt give thee.

ATHAMAND.

Break, break, my heart, and keep her company!

ROSALIA.

No, live to cheriſh this good man, ſupply
My place, and be to him a faithful friend.
To him diſcloſe each thought, and follow his
Advice. And, by the miſery thou ſee'ſt,
Oh! triumph not o'er a weak woman's fondneſs;
But prize her love, and lead her to the altar.
And if, when this is paſt, thou canſt beſtow
Thy heart upon thy ſiſter's boſom friend,
Thank my Emilia with thy hand, for all
The goodneſs ſhe has ſhewn to me. Farewell!
My dear, lov'd brother, oh! farewell!

RANDOLPH.

May heaven
Relieve thy pains; thou precious, precious woman.

ROSALIA.

The power that reads our hearts, will thank your goodneſs.
To you, my father, how ſhall words deſcribe
What 'tis I feel.—Help me to bend my knees.
Thus proſtrate at your feet, again repeat
The pardon you have promis'd to my errors.

DUMAL.

Thou haſt it from my ſoul; I have, dear child,
Forgiven all.

ROSALIA.

And bleſs'd your dying daughter?

DUMAL.

Oh! heaven will bleſs thee, as thy father does.

ROSALIA.

Come on then, peaceful death, and ſeize thy prey.
But as the laſt requeſt I have to make,
Let me again recall your promiſes.
And, as you wiſh me to depart in peace,
Oh! let me, by the love you bear to virtue,
Entreat in Bedamour's behalf. He has
A father, do not let him mourn his loſs;
Call not your ſorrows on his aged head,
And heaven will triumph in the holy deed.

HUBERT.

Amazement ſeizes me! I'm ſtruck with horror!

ROSALIA.

What voice is that I hear! Ah! Bedamour!
Shield, ſhield me from the dreadful ſight.

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! rather fall, ye heav'ns, and ſhield me from
The ſight of man. Thus on my knees, before
The face of an impartial judge, you ſee
The verieſt wretch that ever breath'd. Convinc'd
Of what my guilt has done, I here confeſs
My perjur'd promiſes prevail'd upon you.
No creature e'er poſſeſs'd a fairer ſoul
Than lodges in your injur'd breaſt. My curs'd
Pretended love has ruin'd one, whoſe virtues
Would have adorn'd the brighteſt crown.—And yet
She ſues for pardon for the worſt of villains.
But why for pardon?—I can ne'er deſerve it.—
And ſince her bleſs'd endeavours have prevail'd,
Thus, thus I execute juſt vengeance on me.

[*drawing his ſword.*

HUBERT.

Hold, hold his hand.

BEDAMOUR.

Let go.——Look on that poor,
Departing, injur'd woman, and aſſiſt
My arm.—There ſtrain your eyes, 'till juſtice move
Your honeſt rage, and let it fall on this
Devoted head.

ROSALIA.

ROSALIA.

Raiſe, raiſe me up a little.
To ſee you thus repentant, ſmooths my death.
But, if you be ſincere, live to compleat
The happy change, and do not point your ſword
Againſt yourſelf. Headlong the ſuicide
Ruſhes to meet a dread eternity.

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! thou much injur'd woman, thus, with tears,
Thy murderer obeys; but let me kiſs
Thy hand; 'tis all I aſk.

ROSALIA.

There, let it ſeal
Thy pardon, and convince thee thou'rt forgiven.

BEDAMOUR.

Oh! this is what my guilt has not deſerv'd.
Preſerve her, heaven! if ſuch a wretch as I
May pray; and I will yet atone for all
That's paſt.

HUBERT.

Thou ſhalt, my Bedamour, and I
Reſign my fortune to compleat your wiſhes.

ROSALIA.

I thank thee, heaven, for this laſt favour ſhewn me.
But, Bedamour, it muſt not be.—A cold
And deadly ſickneſs preys upon my heart.—
My eyes grow dim—my ſenſes ſwim around me.—
Where is my father?—Oh! I ſcarce can ſee

Your looks.—Bleſs, bleſs him, heaven.—Oh! bleſs
my brother!—
Emilia! oh!—Farewell—Farewell— [*dies.*

DUMAL.

And is ſhe gone, my child—for ever gone—
My poor Roſalia, oh!
[*falling into his ſervant's arms.*

BEDAMOUR.

Then death has freed her from her woes, and I
Yet live—a monſter, live to ſee her fall,
Stabb'd by my villainy, and thus cut off,
By me, from friends, from happineſs, and virtue!

HUBERT.

Let us retire, my ſon; the ſcene's too deep.

BEDAMOUR.

No, no, I'll cling for ever to her corſe,
There hang upon her laſt, forgiving looks,
And gaze 'till madneſs fire my brain, and drive
My ſenſes paſt deſpair.—Ah! heard you not
Her voice?—Hark!—Hark! ſhe calls me to her
grave!—
See! where the murder'd angel beckons me.—
A long and flowing robe of ſhining brightneſs,
Is wrapp'd around her, and ſhe mounts to heaven.
Oh! hold my racking head—give me the dagger—
Whet, whet its point—where is't—be quick—
But ſoftly, ſee ſhe comes, detain me not,
I fly,

I fly, I fly to her embrace.

[*he ſinks into his father's arms.*

RANDOLPH.

Convey him hence with care, my mournful friends;
And let us uſe our fondeſt art, to call
This wretched father unto life again,
And give his ſon, who weeping dwells upon
His ſiſter's looks, our aid of friendly comfort.

From this ſad ſpectacle of artleſs woe,
Learn, thoughtleſs youths, to whom you give
Your promiſes of conſtant love. Beware
You never plunge a worthy heart, by falſe
Time-ſerving oaths, into unmerited diſtreſs.
Let the dear woman, miſtreſs of your love,
Whoſe open ſoul returns your choice, without
Diſſembling, claim your fond eſteem; and give
Her all you have to give, your hand and fortune.

And you, ye riſing beauties of our age,
Be cautious how the tender paſſion ſteals
Into your breaſts. Let prudence guide your views,
And virtue be your only ſhield. From hence,
By dread experience, learn that artful men
Are but too often plotting your deſtruction;
And that too many of your ſex are by
Their flattering vows and promiſes undone.

END *of the* TRAGEDY.

THE

SHEPHERD OF CORNWALL.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

IN

THREE ACTS.

BY

PETER NEWBY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSWALD, *disguised as a Shepherd.*

OLD HERBERT, *disguised as a Peasant.*

YOUNG HERBERT.

WALDEN.

ALBERT.

EMMA.

FRANCES.

CHORUS *of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SCENE.

Chiefly on the Sea Coast and OSWALD's *House in* CORNWALL.

THE

SHEPHERD OF CORNWALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OSWALD'S *Houſe.*

OSWALD *ſolus.*

I THANK thee, Providence, thy care again
Has bleſs'd me with a calm repoſe. To thee
And to thy ſacred will reſign'd, I have
Theſe many years endur'd the ſharpeſt ſtings
Of keen adverſity. When from my home
And native ſoil I ſail'd with Saliſbury,
To fight the foe that ſcorn'd the Chriſtian name,
I left a wife behind me, and a daughter.
Retain'd ſome years by dread captivity,
At my return, inſtead of meeting all
My heart did love, my wife now gone to reſt,
And in her clay-cold grave had long been laid.
Old age, 'tis true, had wrinkled o'er her brows,
And death was what my Bertha ow'd to nature;
But to my heart it gave ſo rude a ſhock,
That I have wept her exit ever ſince.
My daughter, thinking me no more in life,

When o'er her mother's grave and my remembrance
She long had ſhed her filial tears, had ta'en
Young Herbert for her ſpouſe, with whom, to meet
One equal fate, ſhe too had ſail'd to viſit
That ſacred land that gave my Saviour birth.
Long time had they been gone, and, by report,
The ſhip in which they had embark'd was loſt.—
Forgive me, heav'n, if thus my tears will flow,
They're but a tribute to ſuch tender names.
I have confeſs'd thee juſt in all, and ſince
With Walden I have here retir'd, to ſpend
My latter days, unknown in this diſguiſe,
By gentle ſhepherds and their wives alone
Attended, I have e'er rever'd thy power!
I am thy child; to thee I owe my birth,
And all I have. Thou art ſupremely good,
And canſt not hurt the creature thou haſt made.

SCENE II.

OSWALD, *Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes*, WALDEN.

OSWALD.

But come, my friends, begin your uſual taſk,
And ere you lead your flocks to brouſe the meads,
Or paſture on the bending hills, with thanks
Chant out your Morning Hymn, that thus
Protected, we may fear no harm, nor dread
Diſtreſs, when from above we've begg'd aſſiſtance.

MORN-

MORNING HYMN.

I

AURORA now illumes the ſky,
And ſilence hence prepares to fly,
And ſleep reſigns its pow'r:
Let man then give his earlieſt pray'r
To heav'n's attentive, patient ear,
And conſecrate this hour.

II

The birds, who ſhake their various plumes,
And earth, that breathes its ſweet perfumes,
Our oriſons invite:
To heav'n our primal thoughts belong,
Then let us ſwell the duteous ſong,
And hail approaching light.

III

At his command it burſt abroad,
He ſpoke, and it obey'd its God,
And o'er creation flew:
Let purer light our boſoms fill,
To ſhew us good, to ward off ill,
And hold his laws in view.

IV

Let us to him our actions raiſe;
Let every word be conſtant praiſe;
Let all our thoughts be pure!

Let us enjoy a peaceful mind,
Whate'er the ſtate to us aſſign'd,
Whate'er we may endure!

SCENE III.

OSWALD. Old HERBERT. WALDEN. Chorus.

Old HERBERT.

Why ſtays our friendly ſhepherd in his houſe,
When dire diſtreſs is waiting for his help?

OSWALD.

Say, what's its nature, or where lies the ſcene?

Old HERBERT.

The night, thou know'ſt, has been o'ercaſt with black
And heavy clouds; from off the mountains tops
Large cataracts have ſwoll'n the flood, and from
The ſouth a dreadful wind has blown, with ſtorms
Surcharg'd. Laſt night, at ſetting ſun, I ſaw
Some veſſels plowing through the deep, and by
The news I've heard, theſe tempeſts have aſſail'd 'em.
High on the craggy beach their hulls are thrown,
Their maſts and rigging ſcatter'd on the ſhore:
Of paſſengers, and of the crew, 'tis fear'd
That many lives are loſt; though ſome there are
Who yet do breathe exiſtence; yet ſo cold,
So overcome with fright, that it is doubtful
How long they may ſurvive. Oſwald, as thou

Art

Art fam'd for being rich, yet more, as thou art
Good, I've hither brought the news, not doubting
But that thou'lt give the wretched help.

OSWALD.

I thank
Thy ſpeed, and beg thou'lt take whate'er will be
Requir'd, as needful to befriend the ſufferers.
Straight to the eaſt direct thy way, and thou,
My Walden, to the weſt, whilſt I will tread
The middle path; and when you meet with one
Whoſe limbs have in the briny flood been drench'd,
Support him to my houſe, nor make diſtinction
Between the rich and meanly clad, but help
The weakeſt firſt. For miſery, alas!
Pays no reſpect to ſex or age, but wounds
Us all alike. Now then, good friends, diſperſe,
And with redoubled ſpeed let's haſte to where
We may perform the office due to heaven,
To nature, and to ſweet humanity.

SCENE IV. *The Coaſt.*

FRANCES *and* ALBERT *are diſcover'd, ſitting under a thicket, with ſeveral parts of the wreck along the ſhore.*

FRANCES.

Huſh, huſh, my lovely child, and ceaſe thy weeping;
The morning dawns again, and we ſhall find
Some friendly hand to lead us to refreſhment.

AL-

ALBERT.

But ſhall we find my tender mother, Frances?
Is ſhe too ſafe?

FRANCES.

We'll hope ſhe is, my Albert.
The ſame great providence may land her ſafe,
That has protected you and me.

ALBERT.

I fear
She's now no more. When firſt the ſhip was daſh'd
Againſt theſe fatal rocks, and all in uproar
To ſave themſelves prepar'd, ſhe claſp'd her arms,
With anxious care, around my neck, and ſtrove,
Forgetful of herſelf, to leſſen all
My fears. Thus we embrac'd to meet one death,
And when upon a plank, by providence,
We had prolong'd our lives, of me alone
She ſeem'd to think, and held me faſt, until
A cruel wave unlock'd her arms, for then
We ſunk, and when I roſe I found no mother.
Oh! Frances, I have loſt the beſt of parents,
And have no friend but you to give me comfort.

FRANCES.

And I will ever give it thee, my child.
Raiſe up thy hopes, we know not yet who lives,
Or who has breath'd his laſt. The light will clear
Up all, and may perhaps reſtore my miſtreſs.

Along

Along this ſhore (for 'tis no Kentiſh coaſt)
As I was told when we approach'd its hills,
Some ſhepherds live, an honour to mankind,
If on their beach misfortunes like to ours
Be ſeen, their pious hands procure aſſiſtance;
And in their hoſpitable roofs warm beds,
Refreſhing fires and food, are always ready.

ALBERT.

Young as I am, I doubt not but there is
Soft pity to be found. But can theſe men,
Whom thou haſt painted with ſuch friendly ſouls,
Reſtore me what I've loſt, or dread I've loſt?
When ſhe is wanting, on whoſe breaſt I've lain,
Whoſe tender ſmiles have ever chear'd my heart,
And all my little wants ſupply'd, what can
This eagerneſs to help us do? My mother,
My deareſt mother I ſhall ſee no more!

FRANCES.

Come reſt thy head upon my lap, my Albert,
For thou art wet, and all thy tender limbs
Are numb'd with cold. Some friend will ſure approach,
Will lead us into reſt, and give us news
That may impart ſome joy. Methinks I ſee
A light this way direct its rays: Oh! grant,
Kind heaven, that it may come in ſearch of us!
Yes, yes, it does, I ſee its ſpeed is here.
Stop, ſhepherds, ſtop and ſee our ſad diſtreſs.

SCENE

SCENE V.

FRANCES. ALBERT. Old HERBERT. SHEPHERDS.

Old HERBERT.

In ſearch of that we hither came.

FRANCES.

How did
You know that we were here? for long we've not
Been ſhelter'd from the ſtorm. Perhaps you are
Some favour'd hermit, unto whom good heaven
Imparts a ſight of things to come; if ſo,
I venerate thy looks, and aſk thy help.

Old HERBERT.

Miſtake me not, I boaſt no ſecret virtue.
Sick of the world I've hither fled; my care
To ſerve my God, to keep my name unknown,
And to protect the friendleſs ſtranger.
If to the needy I can lend aſſiſtance,
If from the eyes that weep in grief and ſorrow
I am allow'd, by heaven's good will, to wipe
The guſhing tear away, or if I can
Procure one ray of comfort to the wretched,
Believe me, lady, I am then moſt happy.

FRANCES.

I will not doubt your words. Then tell me where
I can conduct this lovely boy, who weeps
A loſs, a heavy loſs indeed, to reſt
His weary'd limbs.

Old

Old HERBERT.

Firſt to my houſe, where, tho'
'Tis ſmall, refreſhing comforts ſhall attend you.
And if from my conſoling tongue you ought
Can reap to leſſen your diſtreſs, whole hours
I'll talk to make you truſt in providence—
For I, like you, am too the child of ſorrow.
But let us wait no longer here, for round
Your heads the winds and rains are heavy ſtill.
Do you, my ſhepherds, help her to ſupport
Her fainting limbs; and thou, ſweet child (bleſt be
Thy face of innocence in tears) embrace
My neck, and let me bear thee to a bed
More ſoft than this. Thou weep'ſt, and by thy ſobbings
I fear thou haſt a tale to tell, which more
Will hurt me than thy preſent ſtate. Ah! why,
My friends, ſhould ſinful man think heav'n too hard,
If with anxieties it fills his breaſt,
When in its ſacred will it e'en afflicts
The years of purity unſtain'd with vice.
Step forward, Allen, and prepare all ready.
Now come, ye mourners, to my roof, where I
Will, to my utmoſt, be your friend and father.
Yes, lovely prattler, I will both ſupply,
And praiſe the power above who brought you hither,
And gave me this bleſt hour to ſerve mankind.

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Beach.

OSWALD. SHEPHERDS.

OSWALD.

Take care, my faithful ſhepherds, all be done
With decency, to pay the laſt poor ſervice
To thoſe who with the wreck have periſh'd here.
Unto the neighbouring church convey the bodies,
And beg the reverend prieſt to ſee they all be laid,
With ſolemn piety, in hallow'd graves.
How ſhort and how uncertain are our lives!
How do we ſtand for ever on the brink
Of death! Theſe men, at yeſter morning's dawn,
Perhaps deſcry'd the wiſh'd-for banks of England.
How joyful were they then, when all their toils
And dangers were forgot, and when, with rapture,
They fondly hop'd to meet their wives and parents,
Their children and their friends; and now, alas!
From ſtrangers ſilently demand interment.

Young HERBERT *is borne in by two Shepherds.*

Ah! here again new ſcenes of pity riſe!
The rich and poor are equally death's due!
He, by his habit, ſeems to claim a rank
Superior to the reſt; and by his looks
When late in life, no common ſufferer.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

Nor is he, ſir. His ſervants waited round
The plank on which he lay, and by their moans
Proclaim'd their loſs; yet ſome there were who thought
That life had not forſaken yet his heart,
And, whilſt we ſent them to a neighbouring houſe,
Beſought, with earneſtneſs, we would procure
All neceſſary help for his recovery.

OSWALD.

Nor has it, if I gueſs aright; then reſt
His drooping head upon your breaſt, that I
May pour ſome warming cordials to his heart,
And, if 't be poſſible, impart new life.
And thou, kind heav'n, direct the beſt; if 'tis
Thy will that he ſurvive this dreadful hour,
Make me the miniſter of this thy kindneſs.
If to thyſelf thou mean'ſt to take his ſoul,
Oh! grant its paſſage happy to that world
From whence none e'er reviſits theſe poor globes.
What ſay ye, ſhepherds? has the hand of death
Yet clos'd the vital flow?

SHEPHERD.

Methinks I feel
His breath ſpreading a gentle dew, and on
My face foretelling life's return. He ſighs,
Good ſir.

OSWALD.

Then let him reſt awhile, 'tis nature
Struggling againſt his complicated woes.
Oh! may no ſecret pang, like mine, diſturb him,
When he again beholds the cheerful light!
But ſee, he moves; bleſs'd be the hand of heaven,
Whoſe great, unbounded care, o'er all extends!

Young HERBERT.

What, do I live again! Thy will be done,
Oh! power ſupreme! Strangers, whoe'er you be,
I give you all the thanks you juſtly claim.
But tell me—'tis to you, methinks, I ought
[*To* OSWALD.
T' addreſs my ſpeech, for on your face I read
The gentleſt traces of humanity.
Then tell me if my late companions be
Eſcap'd, or if their ſorrows have an end.

OSWALD.

Many there are, who down the rapid ſtream
Of ſweeping death have launch'd their ſouls;
And many yet attend their honour'd maſter.

Young HERBERT.

Peace, peace be with you, worthy comrades! Long
Have we together brav'd the face of woe
In ſundry ſhapes; you've run your mortal courſe,
And now are freed from all calamities.
I will not murmur at thy juſt decrees,

Oh

Oh heaven! thou art ſupremely wiſe and good,
And in thy ſacred views art pleas'd that ſtill
I ſhould ſurvive. I'm ready at thy will,
And ſtand prepar'd, with thy aſſiſting help,
T' encounter freſh diſtreſs, and to endure
The pangs of ſorrow weighing round each thought.
I once, good ſir, was bleſs'd as man could be,
But ſtripp'd of all my earthly joys in one
Black hour; I'm now the verieſt wretch
That ever light beheld.

OSWALD.

Oh! think not ſo,
For miſery is dealt to more than you.
I've drank affliction's cup.—But let it reſt.—
If you are wretched, I'll be more your friend;
'Tis now the whole employment of my days
To give diſtreſs relief.

Young HERBERT.

I ſee it.
Then lead me to a ſhelter'd roof, where, when
I've taſted ſome repoſe, I will unfold
Unto your friendly ears my tale of ſorrow.

OSWALD.

Come then; you make me happy with your kind
Requeſt: My houſe, tho' homely, yet is welcome.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Repreſents another part of the coaſt, with a boat wreck'd, and ſeveral parts of the cordage ſcatter'd along the ſhore. A young lady in a rich dreſs is diſcover'd on a bier, WALDEN *and ſeveral* SHEPHERDESSES *attending on her.*

First SHEPHERDESS.

Walden, why ſtay we here, the ſcenes we've ſeen
Are ſad enough, we need no meditation.
On every eye the drop ſtands big, and down
Our cheeks the heavy tear has roll'd.

WALDEN.

I ſee
It has, nor be aſham'd to bear its marks.
The face is never half ſo beautiful
As when the ſhades of pity intermix
With lights of tenderneſs and friendly love.
And hence, ye youthful virgins, learn that all
Your charms and even virtues can't reſiſt
The arm of death, or turn away th' uplifted dagger.
Gaze, gaze once more upon theſe looks, whoſe bloom
Did yeſterday outſtrip the choiceſt flowers:
See how her cheeks are ſunk, her eyes decay'd,
Her univerſal luſtre's gone.

Second SHEPHERDESS.

Alas! it is.
What then? her purer part has reach'd ere this,
We'll hope, the ſeat of reſt; her ſoul, now plac'd
Amongſt

Amongſt the ſpirits of heav'n, ſings praiſes there
Of joyful love, and in the chorus joins
Of angels chanting Hallelujahs.

WALDEN.

We hope like thee, and in theſe happy thoughts
We'll ſeek the neighbouring church, and whilſt we bear
Her earthly cold remains, in ſolemn ſtrains
Pour forth our final wiſhes to her ſoul.

ODE.

A bell tolls.

I

HARK, hark yon ſolemn mournful bell,
That flings around its awful toll;
With dread I feel the pious knell,
That hovers o'er her fleeting ſoul.
It vibrates deeply in my ear,
Bids me for death prepare in time,
It ſtrikes my heart with holy fear,
And wakes repentance for each crime.
But yet, with hopes, I join the ſong
That bears from hence her trembling ſoul along.

II

Deſcend, deſcend, ye heav'nly choirs,
Here take your patronizing ſtand:
The god of love your harps inſpires,
You ſweep the ſtrings at his command.

As

As life departs your forms ariſe,
The ſoul unfetter'd joins your train,
You bear your ſiſter to the ſkies,
Where, free from ſorrow, ſhe ſhall reign,
Where 'midſt the cherubs ſhe ſhall throng,
And add her notes to their triumphant ſong.

III

Oh! whiſper joys that dawn apace;
Bid her from earthly thoughts refrain,
That ſhe may quit this mortal race,
And in her God forget her pain.
For us he liv'd, for us he dy'd,
His death our ſins will waſh away;
To her's be this great balm apply'd,
Who now forſakes this mortal clay,
Bear her, oh! bear her to that throne,
Whoſe mercy will adopt her for his own.

SCENE VIII.

Old HERBERT's *Cottage.*

Old HERBERT. FRANCES.

Old HERBERT.

Whoe'er you be, it is not mine to wiſh
To know; be you or rich, or poor, be you
The child of fortune or diſtreſs, our will
Is ſtill the ſame to ſerve your wants.

FRAN-

FRANCES.

You ſpeak
So much the honeſt man, that I ſhould not
With unbecoming ſecrecy, to keep
Conceal'd from you whate'er may claim your notice.
My miſtreſs, whom I fear I've loſt, I've ſerv'd
But two years ſince. In dread captivity
I met her firſt, and, by the kindeſt heart
That ever lodg'd within a pagan's breaſt,
Was choſen (though we both were ſlaves) to wait
Upon her. He, as you may gueſs, was ſtruck
With her uncommon beauty, and endeavour'd,
By kindneſſes unnumber'd, to obtain
Her hand: but ſtill ſhe perſever'd, 'till by
The pious means of ſome good Engliſhman,
We all were order'd to embark, redeem'd.
Her ſecret hiſtory I have not learn'd;
But, by the broken ſentences I've heard,
She mourns an huſband, and untimely loſt.
But now, perhaps, ſhe too has follow'd him.
Oh! try, good, worthy, hoſpitable ſir,
(For, by your talk, methinks your rank in life
Was once an higher ſphere) to know her fate.
If ſhe ſurvive, we yet may be moſt happy.
If ſhe be dead—but oh! preſerve her heav'n,
To bleſs the little heart who ſheds ſuch tears.

Old HERBERT.

Was ſhe too born in England?

FRANCES.

Yes, ſhe was.

Old HERBERT.

Then dearer to my ſoul I'll prize her ſafety.
Mankind are all my friends and foſter-brothers;
But he who riſes from Britannia's ſoil
Is all my own. The wretch, whoe'er he be,
Muſt claim my kindred help; and I ſhould wrong
The providential care of heav'n, did I
Neglect to ſecond its great views, by driving
Far from my houſe the ſon of miſery.
But yet you'll think me juſt, if I declare
Myſelf moſt partial to an Engliſh ſufferer.

FRANCES.

Then haſte, kind ſir, I pray you haſte to learn
Where my dear miſtreſs is.

Old HERBERT.

Suppoſe I find
Her dead.

FRANCES.

Your pious friendſhip needs not aſk
What it were beſt to do. A ſilent tomb,
Without parade, is all that we expect.
But oh! good ſir, we'll hope ſhe's ſtill alive.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

ALBERT. FRANCES. Old HERBERT.

ALBERT.

Did Frances ſay my mother was alive!
If ſo, why doſt thou weep, why flow thoſe tears?
Alas! what I have juſtly fear'd is come
At laſt. Unhappy me, I've loſt my all!

Old HERBERT.

Come, wipe thine eyes. The hand of heav'n may yet
Chaſe theſe ſad melancholy thoughts away,
And brighten up the ſun of happineſs,
Nobly to gild thy riſing morn of joy.

ALBERT.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean, to torment her.
Be ſtill, ye billows, nor diſturb the reſt
Of her who lately claſp'd me in her arms.
How couldſt thou, dreadful element, divide
The hearts that in each other long had liv'd?
Why didſt thou not make both thy prey, or land
Us both on this long wiſh'd for ſhore, where we
Did hope, at length, to meet with eaſe, and live
Retir'd from ev'ry fear but poſting death?
'Tis come—'tis come;—that dreaded ſtroke has
reach'd us!

Old HERBERT.

We know not yet, my Albert, how it is.

Your mother may be ſtill in life, for more
There are who o'er the ſhore have rang'd to find
The ſufferers out; I am not by myſelf
The friend of dire diſtreſs, kind heav'n has rais'd
As tender hearts as mine, of whom, ere this,
Some one I hope has giv'n your parent ſhelter.

ALBERT.

Oh! do not flatter me, I pray, nor buoy
Me up; a ſecond loſs would be too much
To bear.

Old HERBERT.

Nor will I, gentle youth; but come
And ſeek with me the ſhepherd's houſe, who here
Commands the reſt; we there may find, I truſt,
What moſt we wiſh to know.

ALBERT.

Go where you pleaſe,
A poor deſerted orphan will attend you.
Alike to me is all the world, a track
Of boundleſs grief, a deſart ſtripp'd of joys.

Old HERBERT.

So it may ſeem at preſent, but remember,
The coldeſt winter's day, o'er clad with white
And hoary froſt, muſt in due courſe give place
To nature ſmiling in the blooms of ſpring.
Man's life is like the ſeaſons, ſometimes glad,

Some-

Sometimes depreſs'd with miſts; 'tis fill'd with nought
But chequer'd ſcenes, and ah! amongſt us who
Can ſay, "I've never drunk affliction's cup!"
But come, the ſhepherd Oſwald we will find,
And leſt his morning's piety ſhould keep
Him in the church, as it is wont, we'll paſs
Near to the ſacred dome, and ſee if he
Be there; if not, we'll ſpeed us to his houſe,
Where ſterling worth has choſen its abode.

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

THE

THE SHEPHERD OF CORNWALL.

ACT II. SCENE I.

OSWALD's *Houſe.*

OSWALD. Young HERBERT. *Chorus of Shepherds.*

OSWALD.

DEFER your praiſes to ſome other time.
I've merited no thanks for doing what
You would have done, had I been found diſtreſs'd.
The tie of ſocial love unites us all,
And nature loudly dictates our great duty.
Go reſt again, the painful hours you've felt
Require a longer eaſe.

Young HERBERT.

Thoſe hours, good friend,
Have brought no new afflictions to my ſoul,
Save what I feel for my poor periſh'd friends.
I am ſo deeply plung'd in grief and ſorrow,
That I could view the hand of death pois'd high,

And

And armed with its keeneſt dart, without
One ſingle wiſh t' avoid its blow. You then
Will think I ſaw the horrors of this night
Unmov'd, and that I ſunk into the deep
Reſign'd to heaven's good will, without one pray'r
For life. For, tho' I'm wretched, I've been taught
To venerate that ſacred power who breathes
Into my ſoul one particle of his.
Yes, great, immortal Being, I confeſs
Thy ways, tho' hidden and unknown, are juſt.

OSWALD.

They are, thou canſt not err: and tho' it is
Thy will t' inflict us here with ſufferings,
'Tis but to prove there is a long hereafter,
In which thou meaneſt to reward the wretch
Who patiently has bow'd his will to thine.

Young HERBERT.

Methinks, ſir, by your talk, you too have felt
The blaſt of dire adverſity.

OSWALD.

I have,
'T has nipp'd my deareſt joys. But all is right.
When young I was moſt bleſs'd, why then ſhould I
Repine? I've had my ſpring of cheerful pleaſures.

Young HERBERT.

So, ſir, have I. Oh! yes, when from theſe coaſts
I ſail'd, ſome thirteen years ago, a wife
I had,

I had, who from her noble parents drew
A large inheritance of virtuous worth.
Her worldly portion was moſt rich, but yet
The dowry of her mind was much more beautiful.
I long had ſought her hand, and ſhould have been
Much ſooner bleſs'd, had not ſhe mourn'd the loſs
Of the brave earl who gave her life, and who
In Paleſtine's moſt ſacred land had fallen
Beneath the banners of Chriſt's holy croſs.
But, ſir, your colour changes, are you ſick?

OSWALD.

I'm not.—Oh! nature, nature, what's thy force!

Young HERBERT.

But why, good ſir, this ſecret agony?

OSWALD.

Pray, ſir, did your fair wife e'er live in Kent?

Young HERBERT.

She did.

OSWALD.

Her father, who?

Young HERBERT.

The Earl of Kent.

OSWALD.

Kind heav'n! aſſuage this complicated ſwell!
Oh! you're my Emma's huſband, I her father.

Young HERBERT.

Her father!

OS-

OSWALD.

Yes, behold theſe tears. Poor Emma,
I ſee thou art no more! 'tis what I thought.
But heav'n! I thank thee, that I have beheld
Her loving ſpouſe, that thus I can embrace him.
But tell me where her cold remains are laid,
That, when I know the place, I may each night
In fancy wander to her grave, and ſhed
My tears on thoſe enamel'd ſods that hide
Her precious relicks 'till the final day.

Young HERBERT.

Ah! ſir, I know not where. When we embark'd,
We had a ſhip of ſtrength, in which, to guard
The tranſports, we were forc'd to fight two large
Corſairs of heavier force, the one of which
We boarded in the height of furious battle,
Whoſe crew, as we were ſmall in number, ſoon
Prevail'd, and with its ſeizure left the fight.
The other, as we were inform'd, prov'd victor,
And led my Emma captive to the ſhore
Where ſlavery attends the Chriſtian name.
I have employ'd my ſtricted ſearch to find
Her out, but nothing have I heard to eaſe me.
Oh! were ſhe dead, I then could feel ſome joy
From thinking that her ſtate was bleſs'd and happy.
But now, uncertain of her doom, I weep
And ſigh in bitterneſs of grief.

OSWALD.

These tears
I cannot blame. But think, my dearest Herbert,
The eye of heav'n takes in one view the large
And vast creation. Its tender hand
O'er all attends, and can as soon protect
The virtuous soul in infidel domain,
As in the seat of Christianity.
Our loss is heavy, and I join your sorrow,
But let us trust in God; and since there may
Be hopes of her existence, I will straight
Repair to Henry's court, where throwing off
This plain disguise, I will entreat his leave
To seek her in the Turkish realms.

Young HERBERT.

'Twill be
In vain. Secur'd in some seraglio
She is detain'd, perhaps, for mean intents.
Oh! how I tremble at the thought; this dread
Idea haunts me day and night, and swells
My bosom with the flood of bitter anguish.

OSWALD.

Oh! call unto his aid the gift of patience,
The soother of our pains and ev'ry care.

ODE.

I

COME, meek-ey'd maid, thou healer of diſtreſs,
Whoſe looks are ever modeſt, mild, ſerene,
By whom affliction's weight is render'd leſs,
By whom adverſity is not ſo keen:
Come o'er our hearts thy influence ſpread,
Sweet hopes of comfort round us ſhed,
Stretch out thy hand, with meekneſs trace
The road to quiet, reſt, and peace.

II

Come take poſſeſſion of the ſwelling heart,
The various ſorrows of the world recount;
New vigour to the mind thou'lt ſoon impart,
Vigour that flows from heav'n's exhauſtleſs fount.
Thy ſoothing voice for ever cheers;
Thy friendly proſpects calm our fears;
Beneath thy guidance on we go,
And bleſs the hand that gives the blow.

III

Inſtruct us then our ſtubborn necks to bend,
Nor let us murmur at his juſt decrees,
Who ever is the patient ſufferer's friend,
Who ev'ry latent ſpark of virtue ſees.
Teach us his watchful care to bleſs,
And ev'ry murm'ring thought repreſs.—
Who ſnatches from his hand the rod,
Is but a rebel to his God.

SCENE II.

OSWALD. Young HERBERT. WALDEN. *Shepherds.*

WALDEN.

Your preſence, Oſwald, is requir'd to pay
The laſt reſpects to one we've found in death.
Her habit is a Turkiſh dreſs, her face
The picture of unſully'd innocence,
And by her looks ſhe ſeems not far in years.

Young HERBERT.

Her innocence! ah! truſt it not, 'tis but
The ſhallow covering of hypocriſy.
Her dreſs beſpeaks her praiſe, and may they all
Who in the turban ſhine—

OSWALD.

Be gentle, ſir.
Walden, I'll come. [*Exit.* WALDEN.
Why breathe you thus revenge?
Many there are in ev'ry clime of all
Profeſſions, who, bleſs'd with moral virtues,
Are held an honour to mankind. The man
Who acts as honeſty directs, is truly
A worthy member of ſociety;
The Pagan and the Chriſtian are alike
In all but great religion's documents,
We there are greatly their ſuperiors,
But yet we ſhould behold their erring ways

Not

Not with the eye of ſcornful pride or hate,
But as a Chriſtian, with the looks of pity.
Their error is a puniſhment too great
To need the anger of a fellow-creature.
But ſtay you here, I muſt attend the call
They've given me, when that is ſatisfy'd
I'll join your talk again, 'till then take reſt,
The bed on which you ſleep was once my Emma's.

SCENE III.

The Inſide of a Church.

EMMA *on a bier,* WALDEN *attending on her, with ſeveral Shepherdeſſes with baſkets of flowers, who, whilſt they ſtrew them round her, ſing the following*

DIRGE.

I

THE earth, when mantled in its robes
Of dark and duſky gray,
Whilſt ſol reviſits other globes,
Laments the loſs of day.

II

But long its tears are never ſhed,
The morn again appears,
Again bright Phœbus quits his bed,
And joy ſucceeds to fears.

III

III

Thus at life's eve, with ſacred dread,
The trembling victim lies,
The ſhades of death his eyes o'erſpread,
And with a ſigh he dies.

IV

But ſoon his ſoul in rapid flight
Directs its way on high,
Where it no more will fear the night,
No more will weep or ſigh.

V

Angelic hoſts around it wait,
To guide it unto reſt,
Th' Almighty's breaſt becomes its ſeat—
It lives there ever bleſs'd.

SCENE IV.

EMMA. WALDEN. Old HERBERT.
Chorus of Shepherdeſſes.

Old HERBERT.

You've ſung, I hear, a requiem to her ſoul,
And nothing now remains but here to dig
A poor and limited extent of earth.
Peace, peace be with thy ſhade! may angels waft
Thee to a place of never ending reſt!
And may'ſt thou meet, inſtead of earthly joys,
With all the bleſſings of a paradiſe,

Where

Where clad in glory reigns triumphant Chriſt!
Why ſet we ſuch a value on our beauty?
Why do we pride ourſelves in being rich?
Why do we boaſt of our uncommon talents?
When death brings all upon an equal footing;
When in the grave the lord and beggar lie
Without diſtinction or reſpect.
The body we poſſeſs on earth, is but
The preſent lodge of our immortal part;
When this has left its temporary ſhed,
It ſinks again into its former ſtate,
And mingles with its kindred duſt and aſhes.
And yet how do we dearly prize its form!
How break we out in raptures at the ſight
Of ſome fair face, or ſome uncommon ſhape,
And ſeldom think, alas! that it is mortal!

SCENE V.

ALBERT. WALDEN. Old HERBERT. FRANCES. EMMA. *Chorus.*

FRANCES.

With grateful thanks I once more ſee the dome
Where to my God unrival'd worſhip's paid;
Where angels hover on their wings to bear
The Chriſtian's fervor to th' Almighty's throne.
Come, bend thy infant knee, my lovely Albert,
Within this place thy Saviour is ador'd.

[*They kneel down.*

Oh!

Oh! if an humble ſuppliant's pray'r, who long
Has been depriv'd of this bleſs'd houſe, be worthy
Of heav'n's kind ear, accept our humble praiſe;
And guard us henceforth from the fate we've known,
That we may ever bleſs thy ſacred name,
And join our wiſhes to thoſe pious ſouls,
Who on their forehead bear thy glorious ſtamp.
But what do I behold!

ALBERT.

Oh! 'tis my mother!
But ah! why lies ſhe here? Her lips are cold—
She knows me not.—She's dead—ſhe's dead!

[*He falls into* FRANCES's *arms.*

FRANCES.

Thy hand is hard—but oh! be merciful!

SCENE VI.

OSWALD. Old HERBERT. WALDEN. ALBERT. EMMA. FRANCES. *Chorus.*

Old HERBERT.

Behold, good Oſwald, what will claim thy tears.

OSWALD.

This melancholy ſight needs no explaining.
But take the child away, his genuine ſorrow
Will only add to ours. And you, good lady,
Whoſe looks portray the love you bear to her
Whoſe eyes are clos'd in everlaſting ſleep,

With

With Walden to my houſe retire. Attend her,
And ſee that nought be wanting to her needs.
But whence is this? Upon her breaſt there lies
A diamond croſs.—Say, was ſhe one of us?

FRANCES.

She was, and ſtedfaſt in her holy faith.

OSWALD.

Methinks, and ſure I'm not deceiv'd, I ſee
Some ſigns of life, come lay your hand and feel
Upon her breaſt, if yet her heart have motion.

FRANCES.

Oh! ſir, it has.

OSWALD.

Then wrap her cloſe and bear
Her to a warm and comfortable bed,
Where we will try the ſureſt means to raiſe
Her from the arms of death.

[*She is borne off by the Attendants.*

ALBERT.

What mean you now?

OSWALD.

To give ſome help unto your lovely mother.

ALBERT.

What help can you afford?

OSWALD.

She is not dead.

ALBERT.

Bleſs'd be your venerable tongue that ſpeaks
Such comfortable news! oh! let me claſp
Your knees, and on your hand imprint my kiſſes.
I am but young in ſpeech, and therefore feel
The want of words to tell you how my heart
Acknowledges your goodneſs; but forgive me,
In vain I try to ſhew my gratitude.

OSWALD.

How amiable is this, and how engaging!
How much ſuperior to the ſtudied forms
Of artful praiſe and cunning flattery!
Your thanks, my lovely child, are pleaſing,
And ſoon I hope to merit more, for ſoon
Your mother will embrace her darling boy.
But let me take your hand and guide you home,
For ſuch my houſe ſhall be, where you ſhall live
As long as e'er you pleaſe, and have whate'er
Your little wants may wiſh to have.

ALBERT.

Ah! ſir,
Your benefits, I find, will ſoon be much
Too great for our return of warmeſt thanks!
But let me preſs you, if I may preſume,
And you're ſo good you ſee I dare, to follow
The beſt of parents, now again reſtor'd,
By your aſſiſtance, to my ſwollen breaſt.

OSWALD.

Come then, you ſoon ſhall meet each other's looks,
And be partakers of a new-born joy.

SCENE VII.

Changes to OSWALD's *Houſe. A Room.*

EMMA *on a couch,* FRANCES *and* OLD HERBERT *attending her, with the Chorus of Shepherdeſſes.*

ODE.

I

HUSH'D be ye winds—ſweet *Sleep* deſcends,
She comes, and with her brings repoſe.
Haſte, weave the web, thou beſt of friends,
That pity ſpreads to hide her woes.
From thy ſmooth ſhuttle ſwiftly throw
The pleaſing ſhades of beauteous hues,
Let brighteſt dies in fancy glow,
And tint our melancholy views.
The work is done: an humble hope ſucceeds,
And the ſweet mourner's breaſt no longer bleeds.

II

Say, ſiſters, ſay, (for well ye know
How ev'ry pulſe in life may beat)
Say, wants there yet another throw
With ſmiles to make the web replete?
No, all is done.—The ſpangled form,
That ſtarts exuberant from the loom,

May yet divert the low'ring ſtorm,
May yet diſpel the preſent gloom,
And, launching into life, may yet diſplay
Its gorgeous beauties on ſome happier day.

III

Oh! be 't not far, may joys deſcend,
Wrapp'd in the deareſt robes of white,
Joys that the wretched e'er befriend,
Who've verg'd into the ſhades of night.
Then come, thou ſoother of diſtreſs,
Into her ſoul infuſe a balm—
Where thou prevail'ſt, can aught oppreſs
The heart that feels thy gentle calm?
Oh! give her eaſe, her latent woes aſſuage,
And from her mem'ry blot the recent page.

Old HERBERT.

Attend ye on her 'till ſhe breathe in life,
And oh! take care to draw her from the brink
On which ſhe's hung ſo long. Frances, you ſee
How gracious heav'n is to our calls, whene'er
It thinks our prayers are juſt. 'Tis true, we meet
At times with no return to what we aſk,
But ſhould we then arraign th' Almighty's care,
Who, from yon lofty ſkies, holds this whole world
Upon his palm? Ah! no, his tender love
Knows what we ſhould obtain, and therefore gives
Or takes away, not what we think, but what

He

He in his goodneſs does foreſee to be
The beſt.

FRANCES.

I own he does, and weak muſt be
The heart that murmurs at the look of ſorrow.
If it were dealt us out by one our equal,
There might be ſome excuſe; but when the hand
Of our Creator holds the rod, we ſhould
In all humility receive the laſh,
Since he who ſtrikes is ever merciful.
But ſee, ſhe ſtirs.

Old HERBERT.

Thrice bleſs'd be heav'n for all!
I'll leave you then, as decency requires. *Exit.*

EMMA.

What do my eyes behold! or on what land
Is ſuch a wanderer thrown at laſt? I have
Not yet attain'd the awful world which lay
Before me, with majeſtic viſions fill'd.
Methought I ſhould, ere this, have ſhot the gulph
That lies between our narrow, wretched time,
And long eternity. But oh! I live
Again, and am, perhaps, ordain'd to meet
New trials in my ſecond life. Oh! grant
Me ſtill that patience I have felt, and I
Will bleſs thee as my lord and father!
And is my Frances here?

FRAN-

FRANCES.

I am, my lady,
And, with an heart o'ercome with joy, thus kiſs
Your honour'd hand.

EMMA.

Oh! tell me where's my child.
Is he in life, or has his ſoul, unſpotted,
Wing'd hence its flight to never ending bliſs?

FRANCES.

Your lovely Albert ſtill is well, and longs
To hear you ſpeak your tenderneſs and love.

SCENE VIII.

EMMA. ALBERT. FRANCES. *Chorus of Shepherdeſſes.*

EMMA.

What art thou here, my little joy. Come, come,
And let me kiſs thy welcome face. Thou weep'ſt,
But oh! theſe tears are not the tears of grief,
They are the flowings of a tender gladneſs.
Didſt thou not think me loſt?

ALBERT.

Ah! me! I did.
And when I ſaw you on the bier, methought
My heart, dear mother, would have burſt, to meet
Your lips all pale and cold. But oh! you're here,
I hold you now, and ſure you will not leave me,

You

You will not leave your Albert here to weep
Your loſs?

EMMA.

Oh! no, my child, I'll live to bleſs thee,
If it be heav'n's good will. But how didſt thou
Eſcape the fury of the waves, which tore
Thee from my faſt embrace?

ALBERT.

I ſoon was thrown
Upon the ſand, where I lay numb'd with cold,
'Till Frances heard me cry; for then ſhe took me
Into her arms, and did whate'er ſhe could
To give me comfort, and to keep me warm.

EMMA.

Then dearer to my heart ſhall Frances be.
Yes, Frances, for this kind and tender care,
I to my lateſt hour will ever hold
Thy goodneſs treaſur'd in my breaſt.

ALBERT.

And more
There are to whom your love is due, my mother;
For I've already found unnumber'd friends.

EMMA.

Bleſs'd be thy tongue, which puts me thus in mind
Of what I ought, ere this, t' have done; but oh!
Kind friends, forgive the fondneſs of a parent:

And

And tho' my thanks be late, deign to accept them,
Paid from a boſom fill'd with gratitude.
Oh! you have given me back my worldly all,
With this ſweet babe I have endur'd the worſt
Of earthly croſſes, and, whilſt he's preſerv'd,
Shall be enabl'd ſtill to bear my ſorrows.
O yes, my Albert, whilſt I hold thee thus,
And ſee thy father in thy looks, no frowns
Can move me to repine. Oh! heav'n, how good
How kind thou art to one who long has felt
Thy great paternal care! All praiſe be thine,
From now, through all eternity of time!
And oh! my helping damſels, as you're fam'd
Perhaps for ſinging hymns of thanks, oh! add
One favour to the many I have found,
And tune your voices in a ſong of praiſe,
That I may humbly join the hallow'd notes.
Come, bend thy knees, an heart like thine, unſtain'd
With vice, can beſt convey the grateful tribute.

ALBERT.

I will, and ſecond your intent. For oh!
My joy is great, and, as you've often told me,
It is my duty to adore my good Creator.

HYMN.

I

OH! thou, who thro' life's paths haſt led
My wand'ring ſteps, and o'er me ſpread,
Bedew'd with hopes, thy wings;
Accept my humble, fervent pray'r,
For thy unbounded, conſtant care,
O thou great King of Kings!

II

Proſtrate I fall beneath thy feet,
For tow'rds thy high eternal ſeat
My eyes I dare not raiſe;
Not ev'n the hoſts around thy throne
Thy wond'rous gifts can juſtly own,
In heav'nly hymns of praiſe.

III

But oh! ye choirs of ſeraphs glow,
And warm the breaſts of us below,
With your celeſtial fire:
Wide thro' the heav'ns his praiſe reſound,
His boundleſs mercies ſpread around—
They will your ſongs inſpire.

IV

Of all creation he's the Lord,
He ſpeaks, and all obey his word,
The ſolemn fiat's heard.

He lifts the waves, he tempeſts quells,
He guides the clouds, he miſts diſpels.—
The pow'r by all rever'd.

V

He holds our lives, our fate he deals,
Our joys he gives, our ſorrows heals,
And portions out our days:
Then let us e'er his pow'r confeſs,
And, whilſt his tender hand we bleſs,
Employ our lives in praiſe.

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

THE

SHEPHERD OF CORNWALL.

ACT III. SCENE I.

OSWALD'S *Houſe.*

OSWALD. WALDEN.

OSWALD.

NAY, what I've told thee, Walden, is moſt true,
And therefore be prepar'd to take thy leave
Of theſe good honeſt ſhepherds, who have long
Been faithful ſervants to us both.

WALDEN.

My heart
Is over glad that ſtill there may be hopes
Of once more meeting with your long loſt daughter.
Oh! what exceſſive joy ſhould I not feel
In counting o'er the lines of that dear face,
In which, methought, her mother bloom'd again.

OSWALD.

Ah! Walden, little doſt thou know what I
A parent, tho' the proſpect be not bright,
Experience from the thought. Methinks the ſtrength
That nerv'd my arm, when firſt I fought the field,
Is ſtill as freſh and vigorous as when
With Saliſbury I led the Britiſh band.
Ah! what unnumber'd dangers ſha'n't I dare
To find her out? The fury of the ſea,
The cunning arts on land, ſhall not divert
My ſteady ſoul from its deſign. I go
To ſearch a child, the darling of my age,
And what ſhall frighten me but heav'n's reſentment!
Thou know'ſt the motives of my heart, and if
I have not thy great will in view in all,
Befriend me not; but if I have, beſtow
One ray of comfort to my fleeting years;
And let thy ſwifteſt winds ſwell ev'ry ſail,
To waft me to the ſhore where ſhe's detain'd!
Now, Walden, at the ſetting ſun, when from
Their paſtures all our lowing herds return,
And bleating ſheep, bid ev'ry ſhepherd come,
And ſhepherdeſs, that I may praiſe their care,
And give their honeſty its due, whoſe garb
Sits eaſieſt on the hearts unknown in vice.

WALDEN.

But what, good ſir, for theſe poor ſtrangers muſt
Be done?

OS-

OSWALD.

The peaſant in whoſe houſe they firſt
Took ſhelter, will, I doubt not, undertake
To ſee their wants reliev'd, 'till I can ſend
Conveyances to bring them to my houſe
In Kent, where, as the friends of Herbert, all
Shall be moſt welcome. *Exit* OSWALD.

WALDEN.

Oh! bleſs'd be your heart!
May all your future days be calm and eaſy,
As the deſcent of ſome declining hill,
Down which the traveller forgets the many
And weary'd paces he has had in gaining
Its rugged ſummit! You are good to all,
And from your door no ſtranger e'er is ſent
Without the kind relief he aſk'd. It then
Would be a pity if you could not meet
With that ſweet comfort you beſtow on others.

SCENE II.

WALDEN. Young HERBERT.

WALDEN.

But ah! here comes poor Emma's ſpouſe! Good ſir,
Forgive the boldneſs of a man unknown,
If thus he dare preſume to kiſs your hand.
But it was pledg'd to Emma's love, and therefore
Is juſtly dear to me.

Young HERBERT.

Who art thou, friend?
For if thou waſt to Emma known, thou art
As dear to me.

WALDEN.

My name, my lord, is Walden,
The old attendant of my honour'd maſter.

Young HERBERT.

I know thee by report, and fame ſpeaks well
Of thy great honeſty and worth. Thou long
Haſt ſerv'd thy lotd.

WALDEN.

I have, through all his ſcenes
Of war, of ſlavery, of unnumber'd toils,
Long had my ſhare. But when I ſerv'd ſo good
A man, I thought no ſlavery too hard.

Young HERBERT.

His ſecrets then from thee are not conceal'd;
If ſo, I pray thee, tell me where he means
To ſpend his days?

WALDEN.

Ah! know you not that at
To-morrow's dawn he quits theſe coaſts, to aſk
Great Henry's leave to find his precious daughter?

Young HERBERT.

In the firſt motions of his heart he ſaid

In-

Indeed he would; but ſuch was the deſign,
I could not credit he would riſk again
The horrid ſtate from which he has eſcap'd;
But ſince I find he will, I'll join his ſteps,
And in ſo great a cauſe will hazard all.

WALDEN.

Ah! ſir, you need not doubt his promis'd word,
'Tis honeſty's ſecureſt pledge.

Young HERBERT.

I know
It is, good honeſt man, and therefore truſting
To what thou'ſt ſaid, I will prepare to try
Again the paſſage of the ſtormy ſeas.
If he, who in declining life, is but
A parent, ſcorns to think of fears, ah! what
Shall not the huſband, in the ſtrength of youth,
Attempt to meet a lovely wife! Lead on,
Lead on, old Kent, thy ſteps I will purſue
E'en to the confines of another world,
If ſhe be dead, I ſure ſhall meet her there,
And if I ſee her or in life or death,
My fears will all be calm'd, my hopes fulfill'd.
But where's my noble father gone? that I
May thank his love, and warm him by my talk.

WALDEN.

Not long ſince he was here. Perhaps he's now
Among his ſhepherds, or with thoſe who have

Eſcap'd

Eſcap'd the wreck. Within if you will wait,
I'll try to find him, and will let him know
You've ſomething for his private ear.

Young HERBERT.

So do,
Good Walden, and if in my power there's aught
That can aſſiſt thee, pray thee ſpeak.

WALDEN.

The man,
My lord, whoſe maſter is as kind as mine,
Needs nothing from his friends, but their good word.
Speak well of Walden, if he has deſerv'd it;
A good man's honeſt praiſe is wealth indeed;
If not, conceal my faults and hide my errors.

SCENE III.

Scene changes to another apartment, on one ſide of which hangs the picture of a lady.

EMMA. ALBERT. FRANCES. *Chorus of Shepherdeſſes.*

ODE.

I

WHY boaſts the rich his hoards of wealth,
His ſports, his pleaſures, and his health,
If at his door the poor man tries,
In vain, to move him by his cries?
Can his unfeeling, pride-ſwoll'n heart,
E'er tow'rds the throne of mercy riſe?

Or

Or will that throne of mercy dart
One cheering ray to eaſe his ſighs!
For ſigh he muſt, however deck'd with ſtate;
Sorrows attend alike the poor and great.

II

But bleſs'd is he, whoſe pitying care
Attends and heals each preſſing pray'r;
He feels that pure, refin'd delight,
Which flows from doing what is right:
On all his ſteps 'tis heav'n that ſmiles,
And angels guard his precious life;
He meets no frowns, he fears no guiles;
Unknown to him is pompous ſtrife:
True happineſs within himſelf he'll find—
His only wiſh, to ſerve all human kind.

III

How great's the bliſs to cheer diſtreſs!
How beats the heart that makes it leſs!
When, if one tear is wip'd away,
The thought itſelf will amply pay.
Then let us ſtrive, whate'er our ſtate,
With this great duty to comply;
Oh! let us ſmooth our brother's fate,
And calm the deep and ſorrowing ſigh.
Great's the reward that heav'n preſerves in ſtore,
Whom by *humanity* we beſt adore.

ALBERT.

Are you quite well?

EMMA.

I am, my good, dear child,
And only feel for what I've ſuffer'd.
Thank heav'n, my mind is quite refreſh'd, for ſince
I have thee to my love reſtor'd, I know
No longer what it is to weep.

ALBERT.

And did
My mother weep when ſhe had loſt her Albert?
Oh! it was good in you, indeed it was;
And if you knew how much I lov'd your looks,
You would careſs me more, if poſſible;
For oh! I've had your tenderneſs ſo long,
So long I've ſlept within your arms, that all
My happineſs is center'd in your ſmiles.

EMMA.

Bleſs'd be thy tongue, ſweet innocent, thou know'ſt
No guile, and therefore ſpeak'ſt the truth. But go,
My love, and ſee if aught there be to claim
Thy notice in this rural place, where breathes
Again the golden age; but ſtay not long.

ALBERT.

You need not bid me that, I will not leave
My parent far. But let me kiſs you firſt,
And throw my arms about your neck.

EM-

EMMA.

Oh! bleſs him, heav'n, and as he grows increaſe
His goodneſs ſtill, that he may long inherit
The many virtues of his worthy father!

Exit. ALBERT.

What ſay'ſt thou, Frances, ſhall we ſeek the ſhore
From whence I come, or fix our reſidence
Amongſt theſe honeſt people, who maintain
The hoſpitality ſo much rever'd
By our forefathers?

FRANCES.

What can I adviſe?
You know how beſt it may agree with what
You have reſolv'd. If you intend, and have
Wherewith to live retir'd, no place more proper
Than this, in which true virtue dwells. If not,
And you could wiſh once more to ſee the houſe
That gave you birth, theſe friendly ſhepherds will,
With eagerneſs, ſupply the means to help
You onward in your journey. I, in both,
Am ready to attend young Albert's calls,
And wiſh no greater happineſs in life,
Than that of living with ſo kind a miſtreſs.

EMMA.

My heart is grateful to thee; but what muſt
I do? I long to ſee my native home,
Yet almoſt tremble to behold its turrets,

When thoſe who nurs'd me are no more in life,
To hail me with their venerable bleſſing.
Of huſband ſtripp'd, of parents too bereft,
No more I hear the fond endearing names
Of wife and daughter. No, my faithful Frances,
Except this lovely child, I have no tie,
Beyond my gratitude to thee, to bind me
To this moſt ſolitary world. But ah!

Perceiving the picture.

Benignant heaven! what bleſſed image ſtrikes
My ſight! It ſurely muſt be her's! for oh!
Methinks the ſilent canvas glads my coming,
And ſeems as if it were prepar'd to bleſs me!
Ah! how ſhe ſmiles as once ſhe did, when young
Upon her knees I hung to beg her love!

FRANCES.

What mean you, madam?

EMMA.

Oh! behold my mother!
Yet no, it can't be ſhe.—But why ſo like?
Oh! I will dwell upon its looks, and here
Remain, here fix my laſt abode, and go
No farther.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

OSWALD. PEASANT. EMMA. FRANCES. *Chorus.*

OSWALD.

Why roll thoſe tears adown your cheeks, good lady?
I hope there's nothing wanting in my houſe,
But that my ſervants have fulfill'd my orders.

EMMA.

They have moſt kindly, ſir; but I and ſorrow
Have been ſo long companions, that I fear
A wretched wanderer will diſturb your peace.

OSWALD.

Oh! lay theſe fears aſide, and think of nothing
But to receive refreſhment from your hard
Fatigues.

EMMA.

You're very kind, and much I ſtand
In need of conſolation's tongue. I have
No friend on this large globe to give me comfort.

OSWALD.

Then let that ſacred office lie in me!
I've ſtudy'd long the healing truths of patience,
And may, perhaps, make leſs your load of grief.
But why, with earneſt looks, do you ſurvey
That dear reſemblance of a lovely woman?

EMMA.

Becauſe, methinks, I've ſeen th' original.

OSWALD.

Ah no: Nor e'er muſt I again. Dear woman,
Waſt thou but here, how ſmooth'd would be my days.—
But ah! why wiſh I this?—Thou'rt now at reſt,
And patiently expecting me to join thee;
Perhaps thy daughter too, ere this, has added
Increaſe of happineſs to thine in heaven!

EMMA.

Forgive me ſir.—You ſaid, perhaps, a child—
A daughter too, was dead.—But why this queſtion—
It cannot be—

OSWALD.

What would you ſay?—Proceed.

EMMA.

Ah! ſir, 'tis needleſs all.—Forgive a woman
Whom hope has flatter'd long in vain.

OSWALD.

Methinks,
From what I feel, there is ſome myſtery
Within your breaſt. Say, did you know that lady?
For ſtill you dwell upon her looks.

EMMA.

I knew
An honour'd lady once, whoſe face was mark'd
With all thoſe well remember'd features.

OSWALD.

Where liv'd ſhe then?

EMMA.

Upon a different coaſt.

OSWALD.

In Kent, perhaps.

EMMA.

You've nam'd the place.

OSWALD.

And had ſhe any children, whom you knew?

EMMA.

Why aſk you this?—What mean thoſe eager looks?
The lady whom I lov'd, was wife to Oſwald,
The valiant Earl of Kent.

OSWALD.

And lov'd you not her daughter, gentle Emma?

EMMA.

Whence, whence, good ſir, is this? Suppoſe I give
You tidings of that wretched wanderer,
Would they rejoice you?

OSWALD.

More than would the light
When firſt it dawn'd upon the happy eyes
That long had been depriv'd of ſight.

EMMA.

You ſurely

Muſt

Muſt have ſome ſecret news to tell me in
Return, or elſe you would not ſhew this great
Deſire to find that Emma was alive.

OSWALD.

Alive!
Proceed, and every word ſhall meet a prayer.

EMMA.

I will; and, not to keep you in ſuſpence,
Know I am ſhe.—

OSWALD.

Good heav'n ſupport my ſoul!

EMMA.

What will you, ſir?

OSWALD.

Thou art—thou art my daughter!

EMMA.

And does my honour'd father live!

OSWALD.

He does,
To bleſs thee, and to praiſe his God. Oh! thou
Great power, who haſt, thro' various ſcenes of life,
With ſuch unbounded goodneſs led my ſteps,
And after all thy many gifts, haſt rais'd
To life my Emma, oh! receive my humble tribute,
And teach me ev'ry hour to bleſs thy goodneſs!

EMMA.

Yet this is ſuch a joy, I fear I am
Deceiv'd.—Forbear awhile—yet oh! this fear
Is ſuch, that I muſt credit its aſſertions.
Then let me on my bended knees once more
Be bleſs'd.

OSWALD.

Protect her from the frowns of grief,
And may ſhe henceforth live in peace!

EMMA.

If aught
Can deprecate the will of heaven, it muſt
Be ſure a prayer from ſuch an heart. Then grant
That if my Herbert ſtill exiſt, I may
Behold his precious ſight. For oh! my father,
I've loſt that deareſt ſpouſe theſe many years.

OSWALD.

So I have heard. But think that you as yet
May live moſt happy in each others arms.
The care of providence, as we have known,
And ever have confeſs'd, o'er all extends,
And therefore may reſtore the long loſt Herbert.

SCENE V.

OSWALD. ALBERT. EMMA. FRANCES. *Chorus.*

OSWALD.

This is your ſon; come here, my love, and let

Thy aged grandſire preſs thee to his boſom.

ALBERT.

Who are you, ſir, that you ſhould claim me thus?

OSWALD.

Your mother's father.

ALBERT.

And be alſo mine,
For you are kind, and I could love to have
Your bleſſing.

OSWALD.

So you ever ſhall, my dear,
Whilſt I'm allow'd to live. But I muſt leave you,
Await awhile, I'll ſoon return. Good man,
To a peaſant.
Thou weep'ſt in joy, it ſhews thy honeſt heart,
And I eſteem thee for thy tenderneſs.

Exit. OSWALD.

EMMA.

Oh! Frances, Frances, what a bliſs is this!
I long have told thee of my troubled life;
And well thou know'ſt the many nights I've ſpent
In ſilently bewailing my misfortunes.
At length I've found refreſhment from my griefs,
And ſince my father lives, will be reſign'd,
With more tranquility, to all that heav'n
May pleaſe to order. You, my lovely Albert,
'Till that bleſs'd hour arrives which brings thy parent
To my embrace, and to thy fond careſſes,

My

My honour'd father ſhall ſupply his place,
And be to both a comforter and friend.

SCENE VI.

OSWALD. ALBERT. EMMA. FRANCES. *Chorus.*

OSWALD.

Emma, this is a day of joy to all,
And nothing now is wanting to complete
Our bliſs, but thy lov'd partner's ſafe return.

EMMA.

Ah! ſir, that thought ſpreads over all a miſt,
And even damps the comfort I poſſeſs.
He was the beſt of men, and ſeem'd in all
To copy your example. Were he here,
What would he feel to ſee us all reſtor'd
To life, and to his love!

OSWALD.

That time may come.

EMMA.

It may; but when, is known to heaven alone.

OSWALD.

Yes, Emma, it may come, and ſooner than
You think.

EMMA.

Of Herbert know you aught, that thus
You ſpeak?

OSWALD.

I do—and be prepar'd—

EMMA.

For what?

SCENE *the laſt.*

OSWALD. Old HERBERT. Young HERBERT. WALDEN. ALBERT. EMMA. FRANCES. *Chorus.*

Young HERBERT.

To take me to thy arms, and bleſs my wiſhes.

EMMA.

Oh! let me gaze upon thy face, and ſee
My huſband ſmile.—Oh! thou art he I've mourn'd
So long.—It is, it is too much for aught
But ſilent thanks. Come, bend thy knee. This is
To ALBERT.
The pledge I bore thee of our mutual love,
When I had been not many days in dread
Captivity.

ALBERT.

Oh! bleſs me, ſir, this is
The firſt and only time I've ſeen your face.

Young HERBERT.

It is, my child.—Oh! heaven thou art too good!

OSWALD.

This ſwell of joy, I ſee, is great; but oh!
My children, moderate its tide, and with
Humility receive theſe ſpecial favours.

Young

Young HERBERT.

We do: But tell me where you have been kept
Remote from all my ſearch?

EMMA.

In Turky: Whence
I come, thank heav'n, with all my innocence.
Another time ſhall claim your ear to learn
The many dangers I have run; at preſent
We'll only think of what we've found, my Herbert.

Old HERBERT, *aſide.*

My Herbert, does ſhe ſay? It cannot be.

OSWALD.

Agreed, my child, it ſuits my wiſh. But ſee,
This ſon of nature is o'ercome with what
Has paſs'd. Come, give him help.

Young HERBERT.

More wonders ſtill
Ariſe! or is it fancy ſporting with
My love.—Who art thou, ſay?

Old HERBERT.

I am thy father.

Young HERBERT.

My heart ſo tells me, and my knees ſo own.

Old HERBERT.

Riſe up, my ſon, thy father bleſſes thee,
Thy wife, thy child, with all a parent's warmth.

OSWALD.

What have we liv'd ſo long together, Herbert,
And our diſguiſe unknown?

Old HERBERT.

We have. To mourn
A child, like you, I hither came, attracted
By the report your way of life had ſpread.
But we have found them both, for whom I have
Preſerv'd a noble, fair eſtate, to make
Them live according to their rank, in luſtre.

OSWALD.

What then remains, but that we pay our tribute
To that unbounded goodneſs which has brought
Us all beneath one gladſome roof. And now,
My Walden, ſpread this day's event abroad.
Amongſt my ſervants and my faithful friends
Let this eſtate be portion'd juſtly out,
And let them have my flocks and herds divided.
Of thoſe who've follow'd your misfortunes,
A care more ample ſhall be ta'en, and we
Will try to recompence their ſteady friendſhip.
Now let my ſhepherds, with their wives and daughters,
With due ſolemnity chant forth an hymn,
Whoſe ſubject ſhall be the great care of heaven,
Which has, and ever will, befriend the wretched,
Who patiently ſubmit to its decrees.

HYMN.

HYMN.

I

CEASE, ceaſe, vain man,
The ways of providence to ſcan,
Or ſearch in future days;
Unknown to thee
Is all that heaven may e'er decree,
Unknown are all its ways.

II

Supremely wiſe;
It ev'ry method ſees and tries,
To change our ſinful hearts:
Now ſorrows preſs,
Now pleaſures diſſipate diſtreſs,
By turns it both imparts.

III

Its greateſt care
Is our unhappy race to ſpare,
And treat us as its own.
To make us bleſt
It deals whate'er it ſees is beſt,
Gentle beneath a frown.

IV

The lord of all, the life, the ſoul,
O'er worlds he reigns without control:

Then

Then let us, whilſt our ſongs we raiſe,
Acknowledge with unbounded praiſe
That over all his tender eye
Benignant ſmiles a day of joy;
That ſoon or late he merit crowns,
And virtue ſhields from fortune's frowns.

The END.

JANUARY, 1774.

THE

THE

FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP,

A

DRAMATIC TALE.

FROM

MARMONTEL's TALES.

BY

PETER NEWBY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MEZENTIUS.
LAUSUS.
PHANOR.
THERAPIUS.
MELVETIUS.
ARAXIS.

WOMEN.

LYDIA.
DELPHIA.

SCENE.

TYRRHENE.

THE FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden.

LAUSUS. LYDIA.

LAUSUS.

FAREWELL, my deareſt love. The ſpreading dawn,
That ſhoots its light above the eaſtern hills,
Proclaims the new-born day, whoſe clearneſs may
Unfold the conference we have had, and thus
Expoſe us to my father's juſt diſpleaſure.

LYDIA.

Well, be it ſo, my Lauſus; though to part
Will be a cruel pang. Yet I'm reſign'd
To bear each piercing ſtroke of adverſe fortune
From which, of late, too much has ev'ry hour
Suſtain'd, to let me ſhrink at laſt from this.

LAU-

LAUSUS.

Too well I know, my princeſs, that it has.
Your virtuous ſoul muſt be diſtreſs'd whene'er
Your father's image darts acroſs your thoughts.
Believe me, I have felt each ſigh that you
Have heav'd, in ſilence, ſince the fate of war
Adjudg'd you to adorn a rival's arms.
Bred up the darling of an old man's days,
I know the difference 'twixt his ſoothing voice
And the proud conqueror's praiſes. Yet, I hope,
That when the meſſenger returns, he'll bring
Such news as may diſpel my Lydia's griefs.

LYDIA.

Grant, heaven, that what his flattering hopes foreſee
May be fulfill'd.

LAUSUS.

O doubt it not. The king,
Although by ſome a tyrant call'd, is yet
As mild and gentle when the victory's won,
As he was hot and eager ere his fate
Was known. With conqueſt bleſs'd, he ſeeks no more.
Nor does he e'er with lordly pride oppreſs
The vanquiſh'd foe, but, thinking like a man,
Conſiders ev'ry captive ſuch, and treats
His priſoners with becoming lenity.

LYDIA.

That he has thus behav'd to me, my tongue
Shall e'er confeſs. But why, my Lauſus, why
Art thou ſo ſtrictly order'd hence? What cauſe
Canſt thou alledge, that he ſhould rather treat
A foe with kindneſs, than his ſon?

LAUSUS.

He wiſhes
To train me up to glory like himſelf,
And fain would have me early tread the path
That he, ſo many years, with luſtre has.
Fatigues and dangers are the ſchool where youths
Should learn, and where the ſoldier's fame ſhould riſe.
The quiet eaſe of luxury at home,
Is only fit for thoſe weak, heartleſs men,
Whoſe ſole reſearch is bent on frivolous pleaſures.

LYDIA.

Then why has Lauſus e'er prevail'd on me
Fondly to liſten to his tale of love,
Whilſt thus he ſeems to ſcorn each tender flame?

LAUSUS.

Forgive me, princeſs, if at glory's name
My ſpirits ſhould be rous'd and warm'd with rapture.
'T has always been my favourite aim, and ne'er
'Till now was croſs'd by any other paſſion.
But love's ſweet power may o'er the warrior's heart

Pre-

Preſide, as o'er the ſhepherd's in the vale.
That mine is fill'd with all its generous warmth
'Tis needleſs to repeat, my lovely Lydia.
And now, before I join my troops, I ſwear,
And to th' immortal gods, that only thou
Shalt rule my ſoul: And though I be remote
By ſea and land, yet ſtill upon my breaſt
Fair Lydia's image ſhall remain engrav'd,
To reſt for ever there, until by death
Eras'd; then yon bright ſphere ſhall bend to hail
Our undivided hearts and conſtant love.

LYDIA.

Lauſus, no more. The ſun begins to riſe,
And from th' uncurtain'd ſky the jealous day
'Pears with no friendly eye:—we muſt avoid it.
Then let us part, though when to meet again,
As we do now, is known but to the gods.
Farewell, and with thee take my love. Thy friend
Whom thou wilt leave, will let thee know whate'er
May happen, or to retard or bleſs our wiſhes.

LAUSUS.

Then fare thee well, and may the gracious gods
Protect thee, as thy virtues and thy truth
Deſerve! Oh! never let one day be paſs'd
Without reflecting on my vows. Farewell.
'Till next we meet may'ſt thou be happy!

Exit LAUSUS.

LYDIA *ſola.*

May you be happy too, moſt generous youth,
And may the friendly offices you've done
Be ever deeply rooted in my mind!
You've won my heart, nor does my face betray
The crimſon'd bluſh of conſcious guilt to own it.
Oh! ye great guardian pow'rs that watch his years,
And fill his thoughts with virtuous glory,
Give conqueſt to his arms, but ſpare his life,
That future ages may adore your goodneſs.

Enter DELPHIA.

DELPHIA.

Is Lauſus gone?

LYDIA.

Juſt now he took his leave,
And bade my ſwelling heart a long farewell.
But why he thus is ſent away, my thoughts
With pain have ſearch'd, and ſearch'd in vain. Perhaps
Thy ears, now unemploy'd in love, have learn'd
The ſecret cauſe; if ſo, I pray thee ſpeak,
That I may be prepar'd, if aught ſhould chance
To wreck my fondeſt hopes, or at the ſight
Of waiting joys, to throw each fear aſide.

DELPHIA.

Scarcely, my Lydia, hold I converſe here
With one who can inform me of what paſſes;

Much leſs report unto your heart what ſchemes
Are forming to create new joys, or what
To haſten on a cloudy day. But yet
I fear all is not well.

LYDIA.

What gives thee cauſe
To form ſuch fears?

DELPHIA.

Alas! why do you probe
My thoughts ſo deeply? Well you know I would
Endure whate'er the deſtinies might doom
T' inflict your royal breaſt, could I but eaſe
Your ſorrows.—Let me not then trace the hour
Wherein my eyes may ſee you freſhly wounded.

LYDIA.

Thou ſpeak'ſt in terms in ſuch obſcurity
Involv'd, that I'm afraid thou'ſt heard what may
Yet plunge me deeper than I am in woe.

DELPHIA.

Oh! think not ſo. No word has e'er eſcap'd
The courtier's lips, that aims at you. But why
With ſuch uncommon goodneſs does the king
Approach his captive maid? Theſe thirty years,
As I've been told, conqueſts have crown'd his arms,
And in that time not one has known the proofs
Of ſuch attendance, as he pays to you.
Why does he ſtoop to court your father's friendſhip?

Why

Why ſeeks he with ſuch eagerneſs to make
A peace, unleſs he has ſome private views?

LYDIA.

Perhaps he ſeeks, at laſt, his country's good,
And with a war fatigu'd, in which he drains
His kingdom of it's braveſt ſons, prefers
The ſweets of peace to hoſtile ravages.

DELPHIA.

Oh! no. The general bent of man is not
Turn'd from its uſual courſe ſo ſoon. 'Tis time
That muſt unbrace his harden'd heart, and form
His mind to gentler thoughts of lovely pity.

LYDIA.

What then doſt thou ſuſpect?

DELPHIA.

I cannot tell
On what to fix my judgment, ſo confus'd
My wand'ring thoughts are ſpread. But this I fear,
That from thy captive ſtate Mezentius means
To take advantage; and of this I thought
From my regard to give you notice, leſt
Some ſudden change might ſhock your heart too much.

LYDIA.

I thank thee, Delphia, for this mark of friendſhip,
And will endeavour to compoſe my mind
To meet my fate with reſignation.

I've deeply taſted of the cup of ſorrow
E'er ſince I parted from my royal father,
Yet, yet I'm happy.

DELPHIA.

Happy, did you ſay?

LYDIA.

Oh! yes, and even thankful to the gods,
That after all his life's preſerv'd. Preſerve
It ſtill, that in his arms once more I may
Be cloſe embrac'd, and kiſs the falling tear
Of joy and gladneſs!

DELPHIA.

May your pray'rs be heard!
In which each ſubject that he has will join you.
But haſte, my princeſs, to the palace, leſt
Your wand'ring here ſhould be obſerv'd. In fears
Unto your aid call Delphia's love, who ne'er
Will leave you in diſtreſs.

Exit LYDIA.

DELPHIA *ſola.*

My heart is yours,
And none will ever more rejoice than I
To ſee you happy. Ah! here comes the friend
Of Lauſus, fill'd with ſentiments as noble,
And ev'ry action that beſpeaks him virtuous.

PHANOR. DELPHIA.

DELPHIA.

Say, Phanor, whither are thy ſteps directed?
Thou com'ſt, perhaps, to find thy boſom friend,
To ſpeak ſome inward paſſion of thy ſoul,
Or feaſt thy eyes with once more gazing on him.

PHANOR.

Fair Delphia has not gueſs'd amiſs. I ſought
My friend, to hold him in my arms, and teach him
How to ſupport his parting with the princeſs.

DELPHIA.

'Tis like yourſelf, benevolent and kind.
But hence, begone. Then let me not withſtay
Your haſte. To your pure friendſhip all ſhould yield;
And ev'ry generous thinking heart behold
Your fond regard with partial eyes. Retire.

PHANOR.

If Delphia this commands, her will is mine.
But why ſhould e'er ſuch charms, with virtue join'd,
Be cool; or why ſhould all my looks eſcape
The notice of the maid, whoſe love I court?
Has Phanor, ſince the tumult of the war
Was o'er, betray'd one ſign of arrogance
Or pride? Nay, has he not, with eagerneſs,
By ev'ry action ſtriven to oblige you?

DELPHIA.

Thanks to your goodneſs, I confeſs you have;
Nor has your love been unobſerv'd by me.
But can we, at our will, inflame our hearts
With paſſions of the tender kind? Or, as
From ſoft and unreſiſting wax, eraſe
From thence the promiſes to others made?

PHANOR.

Says Delphia thus? And are my hopes but vain?
If with your looks and outward form your mind
Agree, you muſt be rich indeed; and from
Your lips ſhould flow ſweet innocence and truth.
But women oft aſſume a modeſt ſhyneſs,
And let their lovers in ſuſpence remain,
If thus fair Delphia ſeeks to act, let thought,
Maturely weigh'd, become my friend. The time
That we may be allow'd to meet, perhaps
Is near its end. Then off with this reſerve,
Unfold your heart, and think my worth as great
As it may ſeem.

DELPHIA.

With frankneſs I have told
My boſom's ſecret to your ears. I'd ſcorn
To dally with the man I think the beſt
In all Tyrrhene's ſtate. But, having heard
The ſolemn vows of one, I cannot think,
'Till ſome few doubts within me are reſolv'd,
To liſten to another's tale.—Forgive me.

PHA-

PHANOR.

Why ſhould I not? In love and friendſhip thus
Should every perſon act with ſteady mind,
Nor, like th' inconſtant vane, at ev'ry blaſt
Change points, and ſtill be ready for a change.

DELPHIA.

But yet miſtake me not, thrice noble youth,
Nor think, though I at preſent ſhun your vows,
I'm leſs your friend, your warm, your ſincere friend.
Bound to eſteem, I'll change the name, and praiſe you,
Not as I think you great, but for your goodneſs.
And though my heart reſiſt to hear your love,
Yet think there's not one bar but what I've told you.
A prior ſuitor claims my word; ſhould he
Deceive my hopes, and much I fear he will—
But ſilence lock my voice.

PHANOR.

Sweetly you ſpeak,
And I commend you for your worth; as rare
As is the frankneſs of your ſoul. But hark,

Trumpets ſound.

The trumpets bid the ſoldiers to aſſemble.
Then let me haſte once more to ſee my friend,
And pour into his heart conſoling words.

DELPHIA.

Oh! let me not detain you here, ſince beſt
You know the art of giving eaſe to him
Who ſways the love of Lydia's breaſt. Be quick,
He waits, no doubt, with anxious looks to ſee you,
And thinks his march will not be proſperous,
Unleſs the bleſſings of his friend portend it.

SCENE II.

A magnificent Chamber.

LAUSUS, *arm'd.* THERAPIUS.

THERAPIUS.

Why droops my prince, who us'd to ſmile whene'er
The ſound of martial muſic ſtruck his ears?
Say, is there aught within thy ſoul, my Lauſus,
To which my love can give relief. Thou know'ſt
I long have train'd thee up to wars and battles,
And from thy infant years inſpir'd thy mind
With ev'ry virtue that becomes a king.
Thy little ſecrets hitherto have been
Unboſom'd in my breaſt, where deeply reign
The father's fondneſs, and the maſter's care.

LAUSUS.

My dear Therapius, I have known thy worth,
E'er ſince my liſping tongue pronounc'd thy name.
Thy paſt regard and preſent love ſhall here

With

With grateful thanks be ever fix'd. To gain
Thy juſt eſteem, was e'er my utmoſt wiſh;
Nor trembled I at aught but thy diſpleaſure.
And if ſome trifle, which to me ſeem'd great,
E'er chance to ſtart my tear, with eager haſte
I ſought thee as my friend; nor did I think
One joy compleat, unleſs Therapius knew it.

THERAPIUS.

Why then, my dear young prince, am I deny'd
The preſent ſecret of thy heart? I'm not,
I hope, leſs lov'd than once I was, nor fear'd
Leſt with old age ſeverity ſhould come?
I'm ſtill the ſame fond, anxious man, my Lauſus.

LAUSUS.

I know thou art; nor will I heſitate
To tell thee why my ſpirits ſink. Amidſt
The captive train that crown'd our day's ſucceſs
Againſt Prænefte's king, his daughter ſhone
Bright as the morning ſtar. I ſaw and lov'd;
But with an ardour that my words can't paint.
Upon my bidding her farewell, this morning,
Some doubts eſcap'd her of our bliſs, which ſince
Have made a deep impreſſion on my mind,
And thrown that deep impreſſion on my face.

THERAPIUS.

The common fear of lovers in ſuſpence;
Who, when remov'd from what they hold moſt dear,
Raiſe air-form'd phantoms to torment themſelves.

LAUSUS.

Oh! no, Therapius, I've no doubts like theſe;
My fears are juſtly form'd. Methinks, my father,
Averſe to my connexion with a foe,
Has ſent the meſſenger, with haughty terms,
T' exchange his captive: And if thus he act,
How wretched is my fate?

THERAPIUS.

Remember, prince,
That public muſt, of private views, take place;
And that the more our rank is rais'd, the more
Are we oblig'd to check our private wiſhes.
I therefore doubt not, if Tyrrhene's weal
Require the ſacrifice, my pupil will
Reſign his love.

LAUSUS.

I will. My country's dear:
And, tho' it coſt me all my heart could wiſh,
I will advance the ſubject's intereſt
In preference to my own. But what from her
Can come deſtructive to our ſtate? Are we
The only virtuous, wiſe, and good? Or muſt
A man derive his origin from us

To

To be eſteem'd an honeſt one? The gods,
Not o'er this realm alone, but o'er the world,
Have ſhed their gifts of worth and innocence.
The hardy Æthiop boaſts his ſocial mind,
And with the White's compares his ſoul. Our thoughts,
And not the place or air, decides our value.

THERAPIUS.

Moſt true, my prince: nor meant I to reflect
On Lydia's merit. No: Since here ſhe came
I've found her ſuch as I could wiſh thy bride.
But yet thou know'ſt the temper of the king.

LAUSUS.

I do, Therapius; and 'tis this that forms
My fears. My meetings with the princeſs have,
Perhaps, been carry'd to his ears. And thus
Am I inclin'd to think by his command
That at his army's head I ſhould, this day,
Be ready to advance, and quit the city.
If ſo, what does my friend adviſe?

THERAPIUS.

But this.
With chearful looks poiſe high the ſpear, and nod
Your helmet, with becoming dignity,
Whene'er you ſee the king; that thus you may
Perſuade him of your duteous love, and check
Suſpicions. Then you'll to the plain advance,

That lies ſome two miles hence, and there encamp,
As by your country's laws you are allow'd.
If, when Melvetius is return'd, whom we
Expect each hour, I ſhould hear aught that may
Affect your wiſhes, Phanor will be ready
To mount his ſwifteſt ſteed, and bear the news.

LAUSUS.

Yes, tho' it were to riſk his precious life.
His friendſhip leaves him here t' obſerve my father,
And to inform me how the princeſs does,
That in my other ſelf my abſence might
Sit eaſier on our hearts. But ſee, he comes,
As ſwift and graceful as great Maia's ſon;
See how his ſparkling eyes proclaim his bliſs,
While thus he haſtes to ſtrain me to his boſom.

LAUSUS. PHANOR. THERAPIUS.

LAUSUS.

Phanor, why beats thy heart ſo faſt?

PHANOR.

With ſpeed,
As ſoon as e'er I heard the trumpet's ſound,
I hither turn'd my ſteps to meet my Lauſus,
Leſt, in the tumult of the forming ranks,
I had not been allow'd to hold this hand,
To give thee all my wiſhes, and to aſk
If there be aught that thou would'ſt ſay, or wiſh
That I ſhould do,

LAUSUS.

Make Lydia's bliſs thy care.
And, when Melvetius is return'd, inform
Thyſelf of what his maſter has agreed to;
Then, if my love's concern'd, with ſecret ſpeed
Fly to the camp, and let me know the worſt.
I aſk no more than this.

PHANOR.

It ſhall be done.
For what for Lauſus would not Phanor do,
Whoſe ſoul and all whoſe thoughts he knows are his?

LAUSUS.

I know thee, as thou art, of youths the beſt.
Theſe twenty years together have we liv'd,
And in that time have never had one thought
Not to the other known: One hand has led
Our willing minds, and from thy tender care,
My good Therapius, thou haſt ſeen ſpring up
Two hearts as firmly link'd, as if one frame
Enclos'd them both.

THERAPIUS.

I have, my prince; and long
May heav'n thus keep them cloſe entwin'd! May ne'er
The venom'd tongue of man between you ſow
The ſeeds of diſcontent, but may you ſhine
A bright example to poſterity!

LAUSUS.

Moſt nobly does our kind inſtructer wiſh,
Since friendſhip but ſubſiſts among the good.
'Tis true, its holy name has often been
Miſus'd, and with the ranked villains found.
But where can ſuch a virtue reign, unleſs
In ſouls who're form'd to think and act alike,
Which thoſe that harbour vice can never do.
But ſee, Araxis comes.

PHANOR.

To haſte thee hence.

LAUSUS.

Yes, Phanor, honour calls, and I obey.
Remember, Lydia is to me moſt dear.
And now let love give way to duty's taſk.

Enter ARAXIS.

LAUSUS.

Are all the troops in readineſs to march?

ARAXIS.

Each band, my lord, is marſhall'd, and but wait
Th' advancing of your guards, who with their chiefs
Are mounted on their fiery ſteeds, who neigh
To th' ſun, whoſe bright unclouded beams foretell
A proſperous march.

LAUSUS.

Then bid the clarions ſound,
And to the waving breeze diſplay the banners,
That

That long before our conquering troops we've borne,
I come, Araxis.—Now, my friends, farewell.

Exit. ARAXIS.

PHANOR.

Is this thy parting with thy friend?

LAUSUS.

Excuſe
My dallying with my beating heart. Thou know'ſt
What I would ſay, were ev'ry thought diſclos'd.

PHANOR.

Yet let me hold thee in my arms once more.

LAUSUS.

Then thus I grant thy fond requeſt.—Ye gods
Protect my friend.

PHANOR.

May ev'ry guardian power
That ſmiles on goodneſs, crown thy virtuous wiſhes.

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

THE

THE

FORCE of FRIENDSHIP.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Audience Chamber.

MEZENTIUS. THERAPIUS.

MEZENTIUS.

NO more, Therapius; let me hear no more.
I've ſent my ſon on ſuch a dang'rous taſk,
Becauſe it ſuits the projects I have form'd.
Thou know'ſt the brilliant actions of my life;
And gladly would I have the prince, my ſon,
Early to tread the ſame bright, laurel'd path;
That o'er Tyrrhene ſtill, when to the fates
I yield my breath, a king may reign, as brave
As all his anceſtors have been.

THERAPIUS.

No doubt,
My lord, your ſon would fain recline as bright

Into

Into the vale of death, as when it ſhone
In its meridian glory. But (excuſe
The freedom of an old and anxious man)
If you'll with tenderneſs reflect, you'll ſee
The dangers that attend your valiant ſon,
Whoſe courage ſhould be check'd by your diſcre-
tion.
His life, wherein you will again revive,
Should be with ev'ry care preſerv'd; and, whilſt
You're eager for his fame, be cautious how
You thus expoſe your only child. There's not
In all your realm one man that does not wiſh
To ſee brave Lauſus worthy of his praiſes:
But dearer than his triumphs do they hold
His ſafety; 'tis to him our future ſons
Muſt look.

MEZENTIUS.

Is then my ſon preferr'd to me?
And do'ſt thou, rude, unmanner'd man, extol
This infant ſprout, of but two battles old,
To him whom thou haſt ſeen long vers'd in wars,
And, like the common ſoldier in the field,
Preſs foremoſt on to court the poſt of danger?

THERAPIUS.

Forgive me, gracious ſire, if aught I've ſaid,
Thro' the great fond regard I have for Lauſus,
That has diſpleas'd my royal maſter. Sure
You cannot think my duty e'er will cool?

And well you know, my lord, what ties connect
Our hearts. Intruſted to my care, I hold
Him dearer than my life; and from a term
Of twenty years connexion, you may judge
What ſentiments of love the man muſt feel,
With whom he has ſo long reſided.

MEZENTIUS.

True.
Thou talkeſt as thou warm'ſt, and thinking that
'Tis more conducive to thy private views
To pay thy homage to the riſing king,
Than to ſupport thy preſent lord; to hate
Thou ſtumbleſt not to add contempt: But learn,
Preſumptuous man, that I can teach thee how
To ſpare thy praiſes to thy ſovereign's ruin.

THERAPIUS.

Yet, ere you thus condemn me, let me ſpeak.
My loyal, ſteady ſoul, has through your reign
Been eager to repay your confidence.
Reflect how oft I've pois'd the warring ſpear
To guard your life; how oft I've ruſh'd thro' foes,
When to your aid I flew, tho' javelines round
Like hailſtones pour'd; and did I not, when firſt
You wag'd this war againſt Prænefte's king,
Tho' ev'ry vein was cool'd by age, plunge thro'
A rapid ſtream, and fly to your aſſiſtance?
And yet you ſay I hate my king.

MEZENTIUS.

Enough,
Therapius, 'tis enough.

THERAPIUS.

I would not ſay
Too much: For tho' my reputation's dear,
My ſov'reign ever ſhall command my homage.

MEZENTIUS.

Away with ev'ry ſubterfuge. I read
Thy ſecret ſoul. But, as I ſaid, it is
Enough. And, ſince thou haſt thus far proceeded
T' eſpouſe the prince's cauſe, it is but juſt
To let thee know the motives of my conduct.
His ſtaying here would to my ſchemes have been
A bar impaſſable; for learn, that when
With his credentials from Prænesſte's king
Melvetius comes, his daughter muſt be mine.

THERAPIUS.

You ſurely play with my credulity!

MEZENTIUS.

Yes, think ſo ſtill. But, ere this day be paſs'd,
Mezentius to his throne will either call
This captive princeſs, or with war purſue
The king, that dares refuſe her to his wiſhes.
For this my ſon is order'd hence; leſt he,
Who has, as I'm inform'd, addreſs'd the princeſs,
Should tempt her to refuſe my royal offer.

This great and ſole impediment remov'd,
The blooming maid becomes my charming bride.
Oh! extacy of thought!

THERAPIUS.

Reſtrain, my lord,
The warming paſſions of your heart, nor let
This raſh imprudent ſtep be known. The world,
With one conſent, will blame your conduct.

MEZENTIUS.

Ah!

THERAPIUS.

It moves you then to be forewarn'd. But ſhall
The man, who with you hand in hand has walk'd
So many years, behold you on the brink
Of loſing all the glory you have gain'd,
And ſtand unmov'd: No. Never ſhall my tongue
Be ty'd, when duty bids me ſpeak my thoughts.

MEZENTIUS.

You dare provoke me ſtill?

THERAPIUS.

If friendſhip can,
I dare: And if your majeſty's offended
With what I've ſaid to guard your fame unſully'd,
Call for your ſlaves to drag me hence, that ne'er
Athwart your preſence I may come again;
For, whereſoe'er we meet, Therapius will
Be ſteady to his king, in ſpite of frowns.

MEZENTIUS.

Old man, you grow too warm.

THERAPIUS.

The ſubject ne'er
Can ſhew his zeal in terms too explicit.

MEZENTIUS.

But oft with arrogance.

THERAPIUS.

My lord, here comes
Melvetius, to your wiſhes. By his looks
He brings you cheerful tidings. But beware
How you receive them.

MEZENTIUS.

Peace, Therapius, peace:
And, if thou canſt not ſee thy king made happy,
Away, leſt I ſhould treat thee ill.

THERAPIUS.

I will,
My lord, 'till you have learn'd to treat me better;
To treat me as your warmeſt friend, and not
To liſten to your flattering courtiers.

MEZENTIUS.

Hence!
Begone! leſt juſt reſentment ſhould provoke me.

Exit THERAPIUS.

MEZENTIUS. MELVETIUS.

MEZENTIUS.

Thrice welcome to my court do you return,
And with a friendly clasp I thank your speed.
Now tell me, worthy sir, if with your king
You have prevail'd, to bind our realms in peace.
How with your lord?

MELVETIUS.

With grateful thanks he thus
By me imparts his royal pleasure. First,
Your articles of peace in this are sign'd;
And next, to shew how much he courts your friendship,
He gives his daughter Lydia to your arms,
And with her that extensive tract of land,
Concerning which your late disputes arose.

MEZENTIUS.

Possess'd of her, I ask no more. And that
Your king mayn't think me of a sordid mind,
I give him back her dowry; as with her
I neither can, nor ought t' expect a portion.
But to the princess what commands? No doubt,
You bring her letters from her father.

MELVETIUS.

Yes,
My lord, wherein he has desir'd that she
In all obey what I direct.

MEZENTIUS.

Then haſte,
My good Melvetius, haſte thee to the fair,
Employ thy moſt inſinuating talk,
And lay before her ev'ry riſing proſpect.
If quickly you ſucceed, my warmeſt friendſhip,
With every mark of my eſteem, ſhall place you
I' th' foremoſt rank of favourites.

MELVETIUS.

Thus doubly order'd by my king and you,
Succeſs, I hope, will crown my anxious efforts,
And each event, aſſiſted by the gods,
For ever make the great Mezentius happy.

Exit MELVETIUS.

MEZENTIUS *ſolus.*

Domeſtic joys muſt now take place of war;
And all my ſubjects revel in delight,
If to my paſſion, and her father's will,
This beauteous charmer yield. What crowds of pleaſures
Attend to bleſs my future happy days;
Whilſt from his ebon throne pale envy views
My lot, with gnawing heart and hateful eyes.
Ah! here again Therapius comes. His blunt
And uncouth manners pleaſe me not. And yet
I know the upright tenor of his ſoul.
But ah! he ſeems to ſhun my looks. What means

This

This mark of proud contempt? Shall I permit it?
No, by my regal power, I'll not. What hoa!
Why do you thus avoid my ſight?

Re-enter THERAPIUS.

THERAPIUS.

Becauſe
I cannot bear to ſee my honeſty
Neglected. Oh! ye gods, when was it known
That with contemptuous looks, nay more, with threats,
A ſubject's fond regard ſhould be repay'd?

MEZENTIUS.

You forc'd me to the harſh expreſſions.

THERAPIUS.

And ever ſhall, whilſt ſeriouſly I think
That I adviſe you as a friend. My lord,
'Tis needleſs to recur to what is paſt.
If you'll reflect, you'll quickly find, that all
The actions of my life have had one view,
One only view—to ſecond your deſigns.

MEZENTIUS.

Moſt juſtly doſt thou ſpeak, Therapius;
I long have known thy great intrinſic worth.
Excuſe my warmth; the touched point was tender.
But canſt thou not forgive?

THERAPIUS.

Forgive! my lord!
I pray you, do not thus debaſe your ſubject.

MEZENTIUS.

Agreed, my friend: And as I hence am call'd,
I pray thee, think no more of what is paſt.

Exit MEZENTIUS.

THERAPIUS *ſolus.*

What wilt thou feel, when this thou hear'ſt, my
Lauſus?
Dear youth, what will thy heart experience
When thou'rt inform'd of what the king deſigns?
How do thy fears return upon me with
Redoubled force! But why this waſte of time,
In fruitleſs lamentations for his fate!
Oh! rather let me haſte to meet with Phanor,
That he may be inform'd, with quickeſt ſpeed,
Of what is done. The gods have ſurely ta'en him
Under their kind protecting care, for here
The wiſh'd-for youth appears.

Enter PHANOR.

THERAPIUS.

Oh! Phanor,
If e'er thy love was requiſite to Lauſus,
If e'er thou canſt, with more than common haſte,
Fly to thy friend's embrace in time of ſorrow,

Mount, mount thy ſwifteſt courſer, and purſue
Him in his march.

PHANOR.

If e'er my heart allow
A doubt of its ſincerity, I'll tear
It from my perjur'd breaſt. But what's the taſk
That to my dearer ſelf I may perform?
Be it ſurrounded with ten thouſand dangers,
For thee, my friend, I will ſurmount them all.

THERAPIUS.

Thou know'ſt, no doubt, that from Prænesteʼs king
Melvetius is return'd.—

PHANOR.

And what of him?
The princeſs is not ſurely order'd hence.

THERAPIUS.

Oh! no: But from the arms of her adorer
For ever is ſhe to be torn. The king——

PHANOR.

Has he diſcover'd, and forbid their love?

THERAPIUS.

He has: Nay more, (I tremble to inform thee)
It is agreed that Lydia ſhall be his.

PHANOR.

His wife!

THERAPIUS.

'Tis but too true, my Phanor.

To-

To-morrow's ſun, perhaps, beholds the marriage,
That down the craggy ſteep of black deſpair
Will hurl thy friend.

PHANOR.

Ye gods! avert the evil!
Why, why does nature ſleep at times, and let
Contending paſſions rule the heart that ſhould
Be her's.—Mezentius, with his wonted fondneſs,
Not longer ſince than yeſterday imported
His final orders for the march, to Lauſus.
How oft did he embrace him, with a warmth
That each ſpectator would have ſworn ſincere?
And yet, no ſooner is this ſon diſmiſs'd,
This darling, that an old man's heart might doat on,
Than 'tis reſolv'd to ſtab him to the heart.
Oh! haſte, Therapius, to the weeping princeſs,
Tell her that I am gone, with ſpeed as ſwift
As is the arrow's from the bow, to Lauſus,
To give him comfott, and my beſt advice:
In which, ye gods, direct me for the beſt.

SCENE II.

LYDIA's *Apartments.*

LYDIA. MELVETIUS.

LYDIA.

Are theſe, Melvetius, then the only proofs
That I'm to have of thy regard? Am I,
Though ſprung from him, who rais'd thee to ſuch wealth
And dignities, to be expos'd like goods
That merchants barter for their private views?
Is ſhe, whom thou art bound by grateful ties
To hold moſt dear, to be condemn'd to wear
A chain, much heavier than the ſlave who digs
The bowels of the earth, in ſearch of treaſures?
If this be all, I thank thee for thy care.

MELVETIUS.

Why does my princeſs thus ſeverely chide me?
Could I, tho' all my wiſhes beat for you,
Endeavour to diſſuade my royal maſter
From terms, that he with eagerneſs receiv'd?

LYDIA.

How ſay'ſt thou? Did my father meet the offers
Of this tyrannic king, without a ſtruggle?
Made he no painful effort to ſubſcribe
To ſuch a horrid doom? He ſurely did:
I know I am the object of his love.

MELVETIUS.

Your pardon, madam, if I ſay, once more,
The proffer'd terms were eagerly receiv'd;
In proof of which, you may peruſe theſe orders,
By which I am empower'd to act in all
As great Mezentius ſhall require. Your eyes
May be convinc'd of what I ſay.—Read theſe.

LYDIA.

Nought farther do I want to learn from thee,
Nor will I e'er ſubmit to thy decrees.
And know, contemptuous man, that I'm a princeſs,
That in my breaſt a noble heart is lodg'd,
And ſuch a heart, that it diſdains to ſtoop
To thee, or to a lordlier man.

MELVETIUS.

Yet think
That you're a captive, and——

LYDIA.

Dar'ſt thou preſume
To utter that deteſted ſound to me?
I ſpurn the name; for tho' in chains my hands
And feet were fetter'd, and with links as heavy
As might become thy haughtineſs, my ſoul
Would ſtill look on indignities with ſcorn,
As long as virtuous recollections ſway'd it.
Let tyrants, and their train of ſycophants,
Their ſoothing, flattering minions, bear the name

Of

Of ſlaves—for ſlaves they are to ev'ry paſſion
That agitates the narrow, ſelfiſh ſoul.
I thank the gods, proud man, I ſtill am free.

MELVETIUS.

Why does my princeſs thus exclaim againſt me?
I bend my ſtudies for my country's good,
And have no wiſh but her proſperity.
Prænestian ſouls, from earlieſt youth, are taught
To wave all private views, when ſhe demands
Their ſervices.

LYDIA.

I know they are. What then?
Muſt I be ſacrific'd to thy deſigns?
Is't on my miſery the pile muſt riſe,
Thou mean'ſt t' erect to wild ambition? No.
I am not ſo diſpirited as thou
May'ſt think; nor am I yet ſo blind, but that
I ſee thy ſecret purpoſes.

MELVETIUS.

I fear
My foes have privately been buzzing tales,
Forg'd wantonly, to haſten on my ruin;
Or elſe, methinks, you would not thus accuſe me.

LYDIA.

Imagine falſhoods, or whate'er thou pleaſeſt.
I have an open heart, that ever will
Diſdain to liſten to the tongue of ſcandal.

A no-

A noble mind holds nought ſo mean and baſe,
As privately to learn its neighbour's faults;
Or if, perchance, it hear the babbler prate,
It gives its ſtories to the paſſing wind.
But why doſt thou preſume, with fruitleſs talk,
Thus to purſue me on this hateful ſubject?
A princeſs, high as is this *gracious* king,
And in the bloom of life, will ne'er ſubmit
To what thy arts would gladly bring to bear.

MELVETIUS.

But yet reflect, ere 'tis too late, on what
You will entail upon our harraſs'd country,
Where provinces lie deſolate for want
Of hands to till the ground; where families,
That have already loſt their chief ſupporters,
With ſtreaming eyes, look up to you for pity.
Can you refuſe to hear their ſighs?

LYDIA.

I know
The ſacred ties that bind me to Prænesſte;
And, when my country is alone concern'd,
Shall prove myſelf, I truſt, a worthy daughter
Of my moſt worthy ſire. But when I know
That men, like thee, are eager to promote
Their mad, ambitious ſchemes of happineſs,
And build their hopes on my deſtruction,
Whilſt ſeemingly they have their country's weal

At heart, I, in my turn, ſhall ſtudy mine,
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſold to make ſuch ſlaves,
As arrogant Melvetius, great. Away!
And tell the king how 'tis I mean to act.

SCENE III.

A Tent.

LAUSUS. PHANOR. ARAXIS.

PHANOR.

Unhappy friend, what does thy tender heart
Experience at this hour! Say, good Araxis,
See'ſt thou no ſigns that tell thee life returns?
Raiſe up thy head once more, my friend, my Lauſus,
Thy Phanor ſpeaks, thy Phanor calls thee back.
Ye gods, I thank you for your holy care.
He lives—but oh! to what does he ſurvive!

LAUSUS.

Be quick, ye ſlaves—my horſe—my armour—haſte—
My ſpear.—Ah! there ſhe is.—My Phanor, fly,
Thy friend entreats thee, to her help. Keep back,
Ye monſters, elſe this arm amongſt you deals
Grim death in different ſhapes.—What am I ſtill
Within my tent, and has my Phanor left me?

PHANOR.

No, no, thy Phanor ne'er will leave thy preſence;
Behold my longing arms, and pitying tears.

LAU-

LAUSUS.

Then let me on thy boſom weep awhile,
And bend a warrior's heart to ſoft complaints.
Thou know'ſt not what it is I feel, for all
Is loſt, for ever loſt.

PHANOR.

Oh! think not ſo;
Nor, 'till the knot's irrevocably ty'd,
Give room to ſuch deſponding thoughts. Still fix
Thy hopes on happier days; ſtill think thy father,
Who, 'till this fatal change, has doated on thee,
Will, on reflection, give up his deſigns,
And bleſs his ſubjects, by cementing peace
In thine and Lydia's mutual happineſs.

LAUSUS.

Thy fancy'd hopes are but an empty dream.
I know my father's reſolute in all
His plans, and when they're form'd, of no effect
Will my entreaties be. No; all is o'er.
But yet I will not like a coward ſhrink.
Whate'er the fates prepare, I'll bravely meet it.
This moment will I to the court, and tell
My royal ſire, we've pledg'd eternal love.
Bring me my horſe.

PHANOR.

Oh! form not ſuch a thought.
To certain death thou run'ſt.—I know thy father's
temper.

LAUSUS.

What then doſt thou adviſe?

PHANOR.

With patience wait
'Till I return, by whom thou muſt addreſs
A letter to the weeping maid: There breathe
Thy fears in tendereſt terms of love. Comply
With this requeſt, I pray thee, to relieve
My anxious cares, and to conſole the princeſs.
Be quick, I'm all impatience to return.

LAUSUS.

Tho' it will nought avail, I will obey thee.

Exit LAUSUS.

PHANOR.

If ever thou didſt ſigh, as oft I've ſeen thee,
When o'er the train of captives thou didſt bend,
Thou'lt join with me, and ſympathize for Lauſus.

ARAXIS.

I do, my lord; and from my ſoul I pity
His preſent ſituation. If there's aught
Within a ſoldier's power, that can aſſiſt him,
Command it from Araxis.

PHANOR.

Yes, there is.
Whilſt I am abſent, and for him employ'd,
Be it thy care to pour into his heart
What healing comforts thou canſt think of. Tell him,

Whilſt

Whilſt wiſtly to thy words he liſtens, that hope
Is ever ready at our call; that life,
'Till death has given its final ſtroke, is ne'er
To be deſpair'd of.—Say, that Lydia's heart
Is pure, is virtuous, and reſolv'd.—Oh! ſay
Whate'er thy friendly, guardian god inſpires.

ARAXIS.

I will, my lord: And tho' I am but rude
And plain in ſpeech, my heart, I truſt, can tender;
For never have my eyes refus'd to ſhed
A tear of pity on a ſufferer.

PHANOR.

Then to thy care my friend I leave; a pledge
Much dearer than my life. Oh! keep it ſafe,
Then when I aſk it from thy hands, I may,
With fervent zeal to the juſt gods above,
Pour forth my thankful pray'rs and wiſhes.

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

THE

FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Tent Scene continues.

LAUSUS. PHANOR. ARAXIS.

LAUSUS.

BE this, my friend, committed to thy truſt
And care; I do not fear but thou wilt give it
Safely to Lydia's hand; and when thou ſee'ſt
My love dejected and in tears, deſcribe
My ſtruggling pangs, and fly to tell me her's.

PHANOR.

If I deceive thy precious confidence,
May Phanor be deſpis'd by all mankind!
My life's of poor concern, whilſt thine is clouded.

LAUSUS.

Yet hear me, Phanor, when thou talk'ſt of life.
Whate'er my fate may be decreed to be,

I here

I here entreat, conjure thee, not to riſk
Thy dear, dear ſelf. Should'ſt thou be bound in chains,
And to ſome horrid priſon led, ne'er think
That Lauſus will forſake his friend. With thee
In all I'll ſhare; and will forget my love,
Ere I would raſhly throw thee into danger.

PHANOR.

Think not of danger, when I'm thus employ'd.
Thoſe holy pow'rs, who early in our hearts
Sow'd the ſweet ſeeds of friendſhip, and have nurs'd them
To this pre-eminence of beauteous growth,
Will not deſert me in the hour of need,
When I fulfil the duty that I owe them.
This letter ſoon ſhall reach ſweet Lydia's hand;
And, ere the night has well begun her courſe,
This tent, I hope, will ſee me here again,
With ſomething more refreſhing to thy ſoul.

LAUSUS.

Then ſpeed thee in thy journey: Yet remember,
That Lauſes lives but in his friend, his Phanor.

PHANOR.

So will I ever think.—So will I act.—
Araxis, to thy truſt, and keep it holy.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Palace.

MEZENTIUS. LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Whate'er my father in his goodneſs wills,
I ſhall be ever ready to perform.
But is there aught that gives a parent power
To traffic with his childrens' happineſs?
Pray aſk yourſelf, if gentle nature act
In ſuch a harſh, deſpotic manner. She
Should always guide the views of thoſe whom heaven
Has bleſs'd with the dear tender name of father.

MEZENTIUS.

And why muſt this be aſk'd?

LYDIA.

Becauſe the ſoul
Soars nobly tow'rds its heavenly origin,
And, ſeeing in itſelf a hidden God,
With indignation bears to be eſteem'd
At leſs than its intrinſic worth, my lord.

MEZENTIUS.

That I adore your virtuous mind, my princeſs,
And all your charms, I have already ſaid;
Nor do I bluſh to own, no woman e'er
Rul'd o'er my heart as Lydia does. She can't,
I think,

I think, from ev'ry paſt regard, have reaſon
To treat me with a diſtant, cold reſerve.

LYDIA.

I never ſhall. My boſom knows no virtue
That ſits with ſuch reſpectful dignity,
Or on the countenance or heart, as that
Of gratitude—which is but ſeldom found.
My ſoul ſhall nouriſh it, and ne'er ſhall breath
Be found ſo vile, as it may dare to ſay,
I've been forgetful of a kindneſs done.
But yet reflect, my lord, and for yourſelf
Reflect, how many years you've been
The admiration of the neighbouring kings;
How long they have beheld you vers'd in war;
How long have victories and proud triumphs crown'd
Your brows, and made you dreaded by your foes;
But when they hear the conqueror has exchang'd
His banners for the dalliances of love,
Their wonder will be chang'd, and they no more
Regard you as a brave—but vanquiſh'd king.

MEZENTIUS.

Who would not think, from what you've ſaid, my fame
And honour were your ſole concern, and that
The daughter of Prænefte's king had naught
So much at heart, as my unrival'd glory?

LYDIA.

If e'er I've held within my breaſt one thought
That did not to the gods aſcend for you,
Since firſt your pitying goodneſs ſmil'd upon me,
May thoſe juſt gods deſert me in diſtreſs!

MEZENTIUS.

I will not be ſo cruel as to add,
May then thoſe angry gods deſert you! No.
But as your heart deſerves, ſo be your fate!

LYDIA.

Then let my portion be a bliſs, ye gods,
That no tyrannic power, like his, can wound.

MEZENTIUS.

Hah! tyrant, do you ſay?

LYDIA.

Whoever acts
As you have done, muſt be or that or worſe.
Was it a gen'rous deed, d'ye think, becauſe
The chance of war had thrown me in your power,
To make my hand the price of peace? Was this
The action of a hero?

MEZENTIUS.

'Twas, when you,
By ev'ry art a woman's miſtreſs of,
Contriv'd to gain th' affections of my ſon.
Nay, ſtartle not; by heav'ns 'tis true. I know
From firſt to laſt how you have met, and where.

LY-

LYDIA.

I ſtartle, haughty king! Miſtake me not,
My ſoul's too high to tremble at your nod:
Nor do I bluſh to own my love for Lauſus.
If you're diſpleas'd, my lord, with this avowal,
Call in your ſlaves to drag me to a priſon.
When hearts, alike in temper and in thoughts,
Together meet, they fondly interweave,
And imperceptively, their ſecret wiſhes.
And like your ſon (an honour to your name)
And I, they interchange a mutual love.

MEZENTIUS.

And what from thence can be deriv'd? My ſon
Is from your ſight remov'd, nor ſhall he e'er
Be join'd to you.—That's in my pow'r, at leaſt.
And mark me, frowning fair, if you refuſe
To grant me what I've aſk'd, the ills of war
Shall thunder down upon your father's head,
As when great Jove ſubdu'd the haughty Titans.
In love to you, I have withdrawn my forces,
And ta'en compaſſion on a tottering king;
And yours it is, to keep me friendly ſtill.
If you ſubmit, you may command my wiſhes;
If not, my ſon's for ever baniſh'd hence,
And my brave conq'ring troops ſhall teach you how
To venerate a king, who knows no rival.

LYDIA.

Away! Præneste's king may yet arise,
Perhaps, superior to his present humbled state,
And bid your pride a great and just defiance.
As for your son, my soul and ev'ry thought
Are fix'd on his deserts, and tho' he's banish'd,
That there might be no bar to what you've schem'd,
Yet ev'ry virtuous pray'r attends the youth,
And neighbouring nations sound his manly praises.

MEZENTIUS.

Proud, haughty slave!

LYDIA.

Imperious king!

MEZENTIUS.

Who e'er
Was thus contemn'd?

LYDIA.

What princess ever heard
Such harsh, provoking words?

MEZENTIUS.

Reflect on what
And who you are.

LYDIA.

A noble soul distress'd:
And you, unfeelingly, my proud insulter.

MEZENTIUS.

That on my will your future fate depends,
Perhaps you'll learn too ſoon. To waſte more time
In talking to you thus, becomes me not.
But know, proud princeſs, that my lofty ſoul
Has never brook'd a diſreſpect.

Exit MEZENTIUS.

LYDIA.

Nor mine
An inſult, tho' the giver wear a crown.
But ſee, my Delphia comes, to cheer me up.

Enter DELPHIA.

LYDIA.

Thou ſurely know'ſt, my friend, by ſympathy,
When I am moſt in want of thy advice,
Or elſe thou never wouldſt have come ſo timely.

DELPHIA.

I met the king departing.

LYDIA.

And in frowns.
Of that anon we'll talk. What brought thee here?

DELPHIA.

To let thee know that Phanor's flight's diſcover'd,
That to the king ſome buſy courtiers wait
To bear the news, which will enrage his heart,
And rouſe his vengeance 'gainſt this faithful friend.

LYDIA.

My Delphia, as thou ſay'ſt, I fear 'twill be.
But cannot we contrive to counteract
Theſe buzzing men, and hide the youth awhile,
At leaſt, until Mezentius be more calm.

DELPHIA.

Suppoſe Melvetius be intruſted with
This care? Methinks that if I aſk, he'll not
Refuſe.

LYDIA.

Becauſe he courts thy love. Thou know'ſt
His ſecret heart, perhaps, and I judge wrong.
But if, from what is paſt, we ought to form
Our thoughts, he does not wiſh his princeſs well.

DELPHIA.

Melvetius, he not wiſh you well! If ſo,
My heart ſhall in a moment change, and all
My former friendſhip turn to juſt contempt.
But whence do your ſuſpicions riſe?

LYDIA.

Forgive me,
If I have touch'd thy heart, my Delphia. But
We are by nature weak, and therefore ſtart,
At times, at nothing but mere empty ſhadows.
I may have wrong'd him in my thoughts; if ſo,
Due reparation ſhall be made. Mean time
Thou may'ſt, my friend, in confidence impart

The

The ſtory of our fears: If he be faithful,
His intereſt with the king will much befriend us;
If not, the ſerpent will no longer lurk.

DELPHIA.

Let not thy confidence to me betray
Our friend. No, Lydia, Phanor's life's too dear
To be intruſted to a traitor's care;
For ſuch thy doubts convince me that he is.

LYDIA.

Then let us hence retire, to where we may
Have earlieſt notice of whate'er may happen.
The friendly night advances on apace,
And in its ſable robe will hide him ſafe,
While from the lovely prince he brings me news,
That in this unexpected ſtate will cheer
My heart, and teach me to behave with firmneſs.

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

MEZENTIUS. THERAPIUS.

MEZENTIUS.

Am I a king, or is my ſon become
The idol of my ſlaves? How dare I face
The world, if by light-headed boys I'm brav'd?
By all the honours of my name, I'll try
My utmoſt power, and ſee if I, or Lauſus,
Or this bold Phanor, be the ſtrongeſt here.

THE-

THERAPIUS.

My lord, what is't that thus diſtreſſes you,
And of what crime have theſe young friends been
guilty?

MEZENTIUS.

Art thou a ſtranger then to Phanor's flight,
And unacquainted with his treachery?

THERAPIUS.

I never heard that in his open heart
One thought of falſhood could be lodg'd.

MEZENTIUS.

But I
Have proofs.

THERAPIUS.

They ſhould be ſtrong, my lord, indeed
They ſhould. Such noble ſouls as his breathe not
Th' infectious air of treachery ſo ſoon.
They ſhould be vers'd in ev'ry art of low
Diſguiſe, who liſt into that perjur'd band.

MEZENTIUS.

And ſuch is this perfidious youth. But ſoon
The vengeance of his king ſhall let him know
What 'tis to mock the power of royalty.
As for my ſon—his bold and raſh delay
Shall by his country's laws be try'd, and if
They find him guilty, he ſhall die.

THE-

THERAPIUS.

My lord,
My lord, in rage or madneſs you muſt ſpeak.
There's not a man who will preſide to judge him,
Or if there be, thanks to the gods, who firſt
Inſpir'd theſe laws, they'll all acquit my prince.

MEZENTIUS.

Who dares acquit thy prince?

THERAPIUS.

Who dares condemn him?

MEZENTIUS.

Mezentius dares, and will, thou haughty ſlave.

THERAPIUS.

When did a captive fate entitle thus
Therapius? Tell me of one ſingle deed
That e'er did ſtamp me with that odious name.

MEZENTIUS.

It moves thee then.

THERAPIUS.

It might a meaner man.
Tho' but a ſubject, I've a mind ſo lordly,
That it rejects the ſcornful name, tho' he
Who give it be my king. Reflect how oft
You have approv'd the valour of my arm;
How oft, at our return, by your command,
Laurels have grac'd my brows. To do you juſtice,

You

You never yet refus'd to praiſe a hero,
Or any that deſerved well.

MEZENTIUS.

Nor ſhall
I e'er. But when I'm dar'd and held in proud
Contempt, thou know'ſt my ſoul is all on fire,
And cannot brook to be inſulted thus,
By ſtriplings.

THERAPIUS.

Think, my lord, that Phanor's gone
But to embrace his friend once more; their hearts
Have but one mutual joy or fear.

MEZENTIUS.

Thy love,
I know, incites thee thus to talk, and I
Forgive thy warmth: But time will ſhew how far
They plot to undermine my happineſs.

THERAPIUS.

Delay ſuch cruel thoughts, at leaſt, until
The truth be found. I am convinc'd their faith,
Their loyal firmneſs, is attach'd to you.

MEZENTIUS.

Enough, enough.—But vainly talks the man
Who praiſes Phanor for his latent virtues,
Or brightens up my ſon's eſtraying duty.
I know them both; but let us ſay no more.
Theſe wrangles ſhould not intervene 'twixt friends,

Which,

Which, I foreſee, if longer we debate,
May grow too warm. I know how link'd they are,
Which therefore makes me judge that Phanor's gone
But to acquaint him of what paſſes here.

THERAPIUS.

And where's the harm in that, my lord? Can friends
Behold the ruin of their friends, unmov'd?
If ſo, their friendſhip's but of trivial worth,
And I would ſcorn the man that dar'd profeſs it.

MEZENTIUS.

Then be it as it may, this Phanor's good
In thy eſteem.

THERAPIUS.

My lord, I own he is.

MEZENTIUS.

Away, away, nor tempt me thus to add
Severity to frowns.

THERAPIUS.

Whene'er you dare,
I truſt you will not ſee me ſhrink. But ah!
What do I ſee! My Phanor comes in chains.

MEZENTIUS.

Haſte, urge him on, that I may view the traitor.

Enter PHANOR *in Chains*, MELVETIUS, *and Guards.*

PHANOR.

Yes, view me well, my lord: My face diſdains

The crimſon dye of guilt. Had I deſerv'd
Theſe chains, I ſhould indeed have bluſh'd as red
As is the ſun, when it portends ſome evil.

MEZENTIUS.

Inſulting youth! And dar'ſt thou thus out-face
Thy treachery. My good Melvetius, ſay
What letters have you in your hands, from whence,
Or if to me addreſs'd?

MELVETIUS.

Your ſon, my lord,
As I ſuppoſe, has ſent them to the princeſs.
From that young man, as tow'rds her room he bent
His way, with quick and anxious ſpeed, we took them.
They're now at your peruſal.

PHANOR.

Ah! is this
The duty that thou ow'ſt to Lydia, traitor?
Why cling theſe irons on my body thus?
If I could meet thee as my heart does wiſh,
I would repay the deed, and teach thee how
To uſe a woman in diſtreſs. Forbear
To break the ſeal: Remember, ſire, how great,
How ſtrict the bond of wax is held.

MEZENTIUS.

Peace, wretch.

PHA-

PHANOR.

Yet hold—my life ſhall pay the price. This head
Shall, at to-morrow's dawn, be held in triumph,
If to the flames you will commit the writing.
'Twas given to me in truſt; how can I then
E'er face my Lauſus, if he be betray'd?

MEZENTIUS.

See the bold traitor be ſecur'd in priſon.

PHANOR. *(To* MELVETIUS.*)*

Thou vile intruder, whom aſpiring thoughts
Have ſet on fire, eternal be thy wiſhes,
And may they never be fulfill'd. May days
And nights be ſpent in plotting how thou canſt
Aſcend the ladder of ambition,
And may thy hopes, when at the pinnacle
They're come, be ſunk ten thouſand fathoms lower
Than ev'n they were, when thou began'ſt to climb!

MELVETIUS.

I thank thee for thy wiſhes, youth. But vain,
I truſt, they'll prove: They may perhaps, e'er long,
Be all retorted on thyſelf.

PHANOR.

Ye gods!
When I deſerve your wrath, for aught that's mean,
I'll bow my head, and patiently ſubmit.
But if, my lord, theſe ſignets muſt be torn,
In pity to my breaking heart, forbear

Awhile; at leaſt, 'till I have reach'd my dungeon.

MEZENTIUS.

So ſhall it be. Melvetius, come: Thy heart
Beats friendly to a monarch's will and wiſhes.

Exeunt MEZENTIUS, MELVETIUS, *and Guards.*

THERAPIUS.

How low art thou reduc'd, my deareſt Phanor.

PHANOR.

Indeed I am, good ſir; but not with theſe
Debaſing chains: From them I feel no ſting.
I have betray'd my friend—and yet can I
Be blam'd? Surrounded by this callous wretch,
Who bears the title of ambaſſador,
Attended by his minions, what reſource,
What flight or bravery avail'd? I loſt,
Becauſe I had not pow'r to ſave. If aught
Should be decreed againſt me by the king,
And I condemn'd to loſe my head, aſſure
My Lauſus, that I'm innocent; but tell
What thou haſt ſeen and heard, and he'll forgive me.

THERAPIUS.

Forgiveneſs but belongs to thoſe who've err'd;
Then think thyſelf ſecure of his eſteem,
Nor let thy heart be once diſturb'd thro' fear
Of loſing his affection.

PHANOR.

Dear, good ſir,

How

How often have you taught me truths, but ne'er
Did you impart ſuch eaſe as now. I thank you,
Yes, from my inmoſt ſoul I give you thanks;
For, if my Lauſus love me ſtill, I ſhall
Be happy, let my fate be e'er ſo cruel.
But oh! Therapius, haſte to ſee the princeſs,
And breathe into her ſoul what I'd have done,
If fortune or ambitious rogues had not
Oppos'd my wiſhes. But here comes the guards;
I muſt be gone, for never ſhall they ſay
That I refus'd t' obey my king's commands.

Enter GUARDS.

Farewell: This time, perhaps, may be the laſt
That ever I behold a friend.

THERAPIUS.

Oh! no.
Forbid it ſhould, ye gods! My heart will break
Should e'er the king's reſentment ſwell too high.

OFFICER.

My lord, you muſt retire.

PHANOR.

I will obey you,
Good man; dear friend, farewell, farewell. You'll tell
My Lauſus, that his Phanor met his fate,
Not droopingly afraid, but like a man
Who merited his prince's bleſt regard.

END *of the* THIRD ACT. THE

THE

FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Tent.

LASUUS *ſolus.*

THE night is now advancing on, and yet
No friend, no Phanor comes. Ye gods, what fears
Surround my heart, and make my veins run cold!
If he's diſcover'd in his friendly office,
He is for ever loſt, and I'm undone.
Why did I yield to his ſuggeſting love?
Oh! fatal, fatal want of thought!

Enter ARAXIS.

LAUSUS.

No ſigns
As yet of Phanor's foaming ſteed?

ARAX.

ARAXIS.

Not one
As we've deſcry'd, my prince.

LAUSUS.

Then he is caught;
And now, perhaps, for his regard to me,
Is thrown into ſome dungeon, where cold damps
Creep round his lovely heart. Oh! dreadful thought!
Bear witneſs how I feel, ye trickling tears.
Away with love; away with ev'ry wiſh
That is not bent on Phanor's ſafety. Hence
E'en Lydia muſt at preſent be expell'd;
I have no care nor thought but for my friend.

ARAXIS.

Yet hear me, ſir. His entrance might, perhaps,
Be long delay'd by prying people who,
As well we know, ſurround our king.

LAUSUS.

Araxis,
Too well am I acquainted with his virtues,
To think that dangers would affright or ſtop him,
When my content was in his view. He ſaw
Me ſtruck with horror at the king's deſigns,
He knew my heart was on the rack until
I ſhould from Lydia hear, and therefore wiſh'd
To ſoothe my fears

ARAXIS.

Your friendſhip is, my lord,
As much the public talk as are our wars;
And I'm as well acquainted with his love
As you. Yet fear not thus. The king, ſuppoſe
He be betray'd, will ne'er attempt to treat
Your friend, as he would treat a miſcreant.

LAUSUS.

What is't that monarchs will not do, brave chief,
When ſchemes like his, tho' juſtly, are oppos'd?
I know his ſoul ſo well, that ſhould he view
My Phanor's flight with angry eyes, not all
The force united of his ſubjects tears
Can ſave him from deſtruction. But haſte,
Ye faithful ſervants, and bring up my horſe,
I would not, for the world's unvalu'd wealth,
Wait on and linger in uncertain thoughts.

ARAXIS.

Forgive me if I dare entreat my prince,
And beg him not to run ſuch riſks. Remain
Awhile within your tent.—To-morrow's dawn
May bring you news.

LAUSUS.

To-morrow's dawn! An age,
I'll off this moment, and enquire his fate.

ARAXIS.

Oh! no; your life would then be forfeited.

LAUSUS.

And what is life to me, if Phanor die?
Dreſs'd in its gayeſt ſmiles, I can deſpiſe it.
The gods inſpire the ſtep, and I obey them.
I'll either reſcue him, or loſe myſelf.

ARAXIS.

Can arguments have no effect, my prince?

LAUSUS.

With me they cannot, I am reſolute;
In this anxiety I cannot live.

ARAXIS.

Nor ſhall you die. This arm ſhall ſet you free:
And, if there's aught attempted 'gainſt your life,
Your troops ſhall force a paſſage thro' the world.

LAUSUS.

Ah! there I charge you, on your duty, ſtop.
I'm but a ſubject, and my father is my king.
If we ſhould fall, be patient and ſubmit.
Araxis, if 't be poſſible, conceal my fate.
Or ſhould my ſoldiers know it, and complain,
Once more, as you revere my peace, I beg
That all your pow'r be us'd to keep them quiet.

ARAXIS.

As you deſire, my prince, it ſhall be done.

LAUSUS.

Then I've no other thought but of my Phanor.
Ye gods, who make his precious life your care,

Protect him ſafe, 'till I embrace the beſt,
The deareſt friend ye ever gave to man! Farewell.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

THERAPIUS. MELVETIUS.

THERAPIUS.

Is this the man who can, without a bluſh,
Condemn his princeſs to a ſtate of horrors?
Who, unconcerned for his ſov'reign's fame,
Can make no difference 'twixt a lawful wiſh
And boundleſs pride? Who in his lord's diſhonour
Can gratify his low, ambitious views?

MELVETIUS.

What mighty, ſmooth philoſopher art thou?
Some traitor who, like Phanor, lurks i'th' court,
To thwart thy maſter's will, and raiſe his ſon.

THERAPIUS.

Examine well the actions of my life,
If there thou ſee'ſt a ſemblance of thyſelf,
Then ſtamp me with the name of traitor. But
Be thus inform'd by me, that honeſt men
Diſdain, in their decline of life, to change
A patriotic name, tho' by the frowns
Of fortune croſs'd, for dignities or wealth:
If they have grovell'd long like thee, why then
'Tis nothing rare to ſee a wretch in honours.

MEL-

MELVETIUS.

Inſulting dotard! But——

THERAPIUS.

Thou'ſt ſaid enough.
I would not take ſuch words from Rome's proud lord.
'Tis needleſs to expend my breath. Then ſwear
Or to exert thy ſway, which here thou'ſt gain'd
By ſmiling arts and damn'd hypocriſy,
To ſet my Phanor free, or by the gods,
Old as I am, this vigorous arm ſhall take
A juſt revenge.

MELVETIUS.

Thou'ſt never view'd thy face,
Or elſe the wrinkles there would bridle theſe
Vain words.

THERAPIUS.

But often have my foes with dread,
And lately too, when thro' your plumed troops
This dotard cut his way.

MELVETIUS.

If this delight thee,
This prattling courage, pray thee talk at large.
I like to give old men their will. Indeed
'Tis fit they ſhould be heard.—I know their foible.

THERAPIUS.

When inſolence takes place, and cowards prate,

'Tis thus that I reward their arrogance. *Strikes him.*
I've now provok'd thee, draw.

MELVETIUS.

Thou haſt, and thus
I'll pay thee for the baſe affront.

THERAPIUS.

Come on,
This ſword is vers'd in my defence.

They fight, MELVETIUS *is diſarm'd.*

THERAPIUS.

Diſarm'd
Thou art, below my farther thoughts: But learn
That brave old men are not to be revil'd
By ev'ry upſtart with impunity.
There, take thy ſword, and learn to uſe it better.

Enter DELPHIA.

DELPHIA.

Ah! is my ſight once more by thee diſtreſs'd?
How dar'ſt thou ſtay when I appear, whom oft
With flattering ſmiles thou haſt deceiv'd. Away!
My ſoul diſdains to caſt a view on what
Is paſt, and ſpurns to recollect thy vows.
How canſt thou, after the black deed thou'ſt done,
Behold the preſence of one honeſt man?
For ſhame! ſeek ſome uncultivated land,
And with the tygers dwell, 'till thou haſt learn'd
To think, like we, humanity thy praiſe.

MEL.

MELVETIUS.

This language, Delphia, ſuits you well. But know
The ſecret motions of your heart have not
Eſcap'd my eyes, and that ere long you'll ſee
In Phanor's ſhame.

DELPHIA.

Proud, deſpicable man!
That loyal friend has never done a deed
To caſt reproach upon his fame: And this
From Delphia be inform'd, that if by thee,
Or by thy minions, aught ſhould be decreed
To wound my Phanor's lovely heart, the day,
The bitter day ſhall come, when cringing low
Thou ſhalt in vain for mercy beg. Be gone,
Thy preſence ſuits us not.

MELVETIUS.

Another time
May give me back what I this day have loſt.

THERAPIUS.

Soldiers from cowards reap no praiſe. Away!
Leſt I ſhould force thee to a ſhameful flight.

Exit MELVETIUS.

DELPHIA.

What does this heated madman ſay, goed ſir?

THERAPIUS.

'Tis hard to ſay; but nothing good I fear

Can

Can be expected from his pow'r. When men
Are rais'd to this, who once have been in low
And narrow life, they oft forget from whence
They're ſprung, and bending all their views above,
Diſdain thoſe thoughts that might retard their pro-
jects.

DELPHIA.

'Tis as you ſay, Therapius. But behold
My Lydia comes. What anguiſh hangs around
Her heart! Oh! try to ſoothe her if you can,
And teach her never to deſpair of comfort.

Enter LYDIA.

LYDIA.

Immortal pow'rs, how far muſt my diſtreſs
Extend, or to what mean and abject terms
Muſt my great ſoul be forced to ſubmit?

THERAPIUS.

Excuſe me, princeſs, if my honeſt warmth
Break on your private thoughts. You may, perhaps,
Think that my ſov'reign's friends will act like he,
And, leaning to his ſide, forget the ties
That ſhould connect humanity with duty.
But, madam, be aſſur'd at leaſt that one
Old powerful man will ſtand your friend, as far
As wiſhes or entreaties can prevail.

LYDIA.

Then it muſt be Therapius. Who beſides

Could

Could in this court take heart to name himſelf
Dejected Lydia's friend? But ſay, is what
I've heard reported, true? Is Phanor ſeiz'd?
Is he in chains? Oh! let me know the worſt.

THERAPIUS.

He is: But when my ſov'reign's wrath abates,
I'll uſe my utmoſt to procure his freedom.

LYDIA.

Or elſe my days muſt be for ever doom'd
To heavieſt thoughts and endleſs ſighs. I know
How far his fondneſs for his friend has wrought,
And read the ſecrets of his virtuous ſoul:
His own concerns are but a ſecond object,
What therefore muſt my gratitude not feel?
If aught by his baſe enemies ſhould be
Devis'd, to bring him to a fatal end,
I give you power to offer up my hand
To ſave his life; nay more, by all the gods,
I charge you as an honeſt man to do it.

DELPHIA.

To bring him to a fatal end! What mean
Theſe harrowing words? Oh! know you aught that can
Affect this precious yourh?

THERAPIUS.

Be pacify'd,
Nor frame unto yourſelves deſponding fears

That

That may diſturb your gentle hearts; but hope
That better fates attend your future hours.
The ſtorms of life won't laſt for e'er, nor will
The gloomy thoughts of apprehenſion weigh
Too heavily on thoſe who love the gods.
Affliction, Lydia, is the hour of trial,
Nor can we better ſhew our latent worth
Than by ſubmitting to our tears with patience.
But Phanor calls me hence: I long to know
How 'tis they mean to act. Meanwhile your cares
Shall be my own, and what I dare to do,
Withour a ſtain upon my loyalty,
Aſſure yourſelves, ye ſorrowers, I will.

Exit THERAPIUS.

LYDIA.

My Delphia, what reſource is left, if this
Good man ſhould ſue in vain; I know it hurts
Thee much to hear of Phanor's chains, and ſee
This falſe Melvetius eager for our ruin.

DELPHIA.

Name him no more, I pray thee, by our love.
Its very ſound is grating to my ears.
His falſhood riſes to my view as black
As deteſtation e'er did paint a villain's.
His mean hypocriſy, ambitious views,
And callous heart, I thank the gods, at length
Are bar'd, and I deſpiſe this more than monſter.

Oh!

Oh! Lydia, now I feel the mild reſpect
That Phanor's goodneſs e'er has ſhewn: For him
I own my breaſt is torn with ev'ry fear;
For him I own, without a bluſh, my heart
Holds ev'ry tender, ſoft emotion:
Oh! now it is I own I love the youth.
Grant, grant, ye pow'rs, who ſmile upon the good,
That from this old man's warmth prevailing words
May find their way, and turn the tyrant's heart!

LYDIA.

Yes, Delphia, let us pray and hope they will.
We now are partners in diſtreſs, which ne'er
Will bear us down too low, I truſt. But hence
Let's go, that undiſturb'd we may give vent
To tears, and intermix our ſighs. There is
In kindred woe a ſoftneſs that diſarms
Stern fate's directed ſhafts of poignancy
And like an opiate lulls our griefs to reſt.

SCENE III.

A Street. A diſtant View of a Priſon.

LAUSUS *in diſguiſe.* *A* CITIZEN.

LAUSUS.

Who's there?

CITIZEN.

A citizen, good ſir.

LAUSUS.

What news
At preſent reigns?

CITIZEN.

Some ſtranger ſurely you
Muſt be, or elſe you would not aſk what topic
Was univerſal here.

LAUSUS.

'Tis true, I am,
And therefore ignorant. But ſay, what is it?

CITIZEN.

Why with ſuch eagerneſs do you enquire?
'Tis dangerous meddling with our ſtate-affairs.

LAUSUS.

Now, by the powers that puniſh villainy,
Thou haſt my plighted truth of ſecrecy.
But I'm impatient, tell me all thou know'ſt.

CITIZEN.

Methinks I know that voice.

LAUSUS.

And if thou do.
Let ſilence ever lock thy lips. But haſte, the news.

CITIZEN.

Then know, our king not long ſince took in battle
A princeſs bleſs'd with ev'ry charm and virtue.
His ſon, who is the darling of his ſubjects,
As we have been inform'd, has gain'd her love.

Of

Of this inform'd, his father ſent him hence,
As he reſolves to raiſe her to his throne——
To-morrow ſees the marriage rites perform'd.
Already are the games ordain'd, in which
Some wretches ought to cope with ſavage lions.
The priſons being free from criminals,
Not one appears but our young prince's friend,
A noble youth, call'd Phanor.

LAUSUS.

Ah!

CITIZEN.

'Tis true.

LAUSUS.

Say what's his crime?

CITIZEN.

As we have heard, 'tis this.
Bringing a letter from the captive princeſs,
To eaſe the boſom of his valu'd ſecond ſelf,
He was diſcover'd and betray'd. For this,
To-morrow is his laſt.—I daren't ſay more:
This is a prying court, and many ſpies
Are buſy.

Exit CITIZEN.

LAUSUS *ſolus.*

Ah! my friend condemn'd to death!
Condemn'd to meet a lion's rage! His heart
That lives in mine, thus cruelly expos'd

To bleed.—Great gods! preſerve me from deſpair!
My Phanor muſt be ſav'd, and I will die
To ſave him; but oh! let me die with virtue.

Enter a SLAVE.

Stop, ſtop, good ſlave, and hither turn thy eyes.
Say, doſt thou not attend that priſon?

SLAVE.

Yes.

But, ſir, I know you not.

LAUSUS.

Then learn my rank,
As I expect from thee a ſignal ſervice,
Which ſhall be paid by ev'ry royal favour.
My name is Lauſus, and my friend, I'm told,
My lovely friend, my Phanor's here in chains.
Him I'm reſolv'd to ſee this night: Not all
The bars i'th' world ſhall ſtop my way. 'Tis thine
To aid my wiſhes. Haſte, prepare a change
Of dreſſes: If I fall, thou'lt not be known;
If I eſcape, this ring ſhall be the pledge
Of my eternal gratitude. But haſte
And hide thee from the vengeance of the king.
Without the weſtern gate thou'lt find my horſe,
But ſhew that ring and thou wilt mount him; then
With quickeſt ſpeed ſeek ſome far diſtant land,
For whereſoe'er thou'rt hid, my thanks ſhall find
thee.

SLAVE.

SLAVE.

Then come with me, my lord, that I may ſhew you
The dark and dreary entrance to his dungeon.

SCENE IV.

The Inſide of a Priſon.

PHANOR, *in Chains.*

Patience, ye gods, oh! grant me patience!
I have not long perhaps to grovel here,
Then let me not betray my murmurs 'gainſt
Your will! But oh! this human weakneſs twines
Faſt round my heart, and fain would rule alone.
I'm ſick of life, or rather of a falſe
Unfeeling world, where moſt but ſtudy how
To gratify themſelves.

Enter LAUSUS, *unſeen.*

PHANOR.

Away, away,
I want no food, I only wiſh to die
In peace, to die reſign'd; for tho' I'm wretched,
My dear, my tender friend, is more unhappy.
Oh! did my Lauſus know what here I feel,
Did he but know to what a ſtate they have
Reduc'd his friend.——

LAUSUS.

He does, he does, my Phanor,
He feels it in himſelf, and with thee ſuffers.

PHA-

PHANOR.

Is this my friend, my Lauſus, whom I hold?

LAUSUS.

It is, it is thy agonizing friend.
But let me not delay to execute
My purpoſe. I've ſecur'd the guard's good will;
The gates are all unlock'd—the night is dark—
But few are in the ſtreets—nor is there aught
That can impede thy flight. Then let us change
Our garbs, leſt prying eyes may find me here.

PHANOR.

What doſt thou mean? I underſtand thee not.

LAUSUS.

That thou ſhould'ſt hence, and leave me in thy ſtead.

PHANOR.

Is't poſſible, good gods, that I can be
So vile! Can Lauſus think me ſuch a wretch?

LAUSUS.

I pray thee let us waſte no time in words;
Of thy fidelity there's not a doubt,
And in my ſoul there's not a thought, ſave how
Thou may'ſt eſcape. Thy puniſhment's decreed,
Thy doom's pronounc'd, nor is there any choice
But this, to fly or die.

PHANOR.

To fly, ye gods!
Forbid the thought.

LAUSUS.

Yet hear the truth, my Phanor.
My father's temper is moſt violent, yet
He is not void of all humanity,
And nature muſt again rule o'er his heart.
If thou be freed, I've but myſelf to ſave,
And his uplifted arm will drop when he
Beholds his only child expos'd.

PHANOR.

Ah! no,
My Lauſus, he will ſtrike, and with the blow
Deſtroy us both. Then let me die, nor live
One moment after I've betray'd my friend.
Remember Lydia claims thy love: Canſt thou
Abandon her?

LAUSUS.

The world entire for thee.
Love, triumphs, dignities, and crowns, are all
Far diſtant from my ſoul, when thus I ſee,
Like ſome baſe criminal, my friend in chains.
Then give me one ſhort kind embrace, and fly,
If thou would ſave me from the worſt of horrors.

PHANOR.

Yet hear me, Lauſus.

LAUSUS.

'Tis in vain to talk.
Not all thy pow'rs can prove that I ſhould live,

When

When to an ignominious death my raſhneſs
Had brought my good, my virtuous, lovely Phanor.
I bluſh to hear myſelf entreated thus,
And much thou wrong'ſt my friendſhip by delay.
If thou wilt fly, I'll anſwer for myſelf;
But if thou ſtay, I ſwear I'll periſh with thee.

PHANOR.

Then I conſent to make the trial. But
Be careful of thy life, and think my ſoul
Diſdains to be outdone in proofs of friendſhip.
Oh live, if thou would'ſt have me live—in all
I'll be thy partner.

LAUSUS.

Yes, I know thou wilt.
And I eſteem my friend too much, to wiſh
That he ſhould e'er ſurvive his Lauſus. Go,
And take this mantle, 'twill ſecure thy flight.

PHANOR.

And leave thee here alone?

LAUSUS.

My thoughts will buoy
My ſpirits up. 'Tis not from dreadful walls
That priſoners draw their ſighs, but from their crimes:
And happy is the man whoſe actions ſmile,
E'en tho' ten thouſand deaths hung o'er his head.

But

But haſte thee hence, I tremble at each noiſe,
And fear leſt from my wiſhes thou be torn.

PHANOR.

Oh! Lauſus, Lauſus, be thyſelf thy friend.
And oh! ye pow'rs of heavenly light, protect
His ſacred life.—Oh! hold my breaking heart!

Exit PHANOR.

LAUSUS *ſolus.*

Be peaceful happineſs for ever thine!
Ye gods, I thank you, all my fears are o'er.
My friend eſcapes, and I'm reſign'd to meet
Whate'er the fates decree; for if I fall,
I ſhall not fall inglorious, nor unpity'd.

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

THE FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

MEZENTIUS. THERAPIUS.

THERAPIUS.

I COME, my lord, an advocate for mercy,
To move your heart by mournful ſighs and tears.
Oh! brave Mezentius, caſt a pitying look
On this dear youth you have condemn'd to death,
And, ere too late, withdraw him from the combat.
'Tis dreadful to behold a villain torn:
What then muſt ſweet humanity not feel,
When one, whoſe only crime is friendſhip, ſuffers?

MEZENTIUS.

They've ſent a proper advocate indeed,
And I commend their choice. It ſtirs my ſoul,
And rouſes all my ſlumbering paſſions.

When

When ſuppliants come with humble pray'rs, we may
Make ſome conceſſions, but when faults are cloth'd
In noble words, we think the ſaucy ſlave
More worthy of his fate.

THERAPIUS.

If I have err'd,
Forgive the errors of a poor old man.
My mind, my thoughts, are all confus'd, and ſcarcely
Can grief find utterance for my tongue. But oh!
In pity to yourſelf, and to your ſon,
If my diſtreſs becomes your triumph, ſpare
Oh! ſpare my Phanor; ſet him free, and bind
Your loyal ſubjects by the ſtrongeſt ties
Of love: If we eſcape this dreaded day,
Our lives may be, perhaps, once more your ſafety.

MEZENTIUS.

So then you throw his valour in my way?

THERAPIUS.

I might have us'd a weaker argument.
You may remember when a daring ſoldier,
Faſt ſpurring on his foaming ſteed, ruſh'd thro'
The ranks, and bearing down th' oppoſing guards,
Againſt my ſov'reign aim'd a fatal ſtroke,
When Phanor flew like lightning to your reſcue,
And clove the warrior down.

MEZENTIUS.

You warm, old man.

THERAPIUS.

Who would not warm in ſuch a cauſe? I wiſh
My Phanor ſafe, I wiſh my king renown,
And gladly would I forfeit life for either.

MEZENTIUS.

You would?

THERAPIUS.

With joy, my lord, I would: And if
You doubt my words, make trial of my truth;
Command me to the fight, and let him live.
I ſhall again grow young, and meet the beaſt
With courage.

MEZENTIUS.

No. I'm not diſpleas'd with you.
Phanor alone has trampled on my power,
And thrown contempt upon my name. 'Tis done—
He is condemn'd, and die he ſhall.

THERAPIUS.

I've yet
One argument to bring, my lord.

MEZENTIUS.

What is't?

THERAPIUS.

Fair Lydia's hand.

MEZENTIUS.

You proffer well indeed,
And fain would make a boaſt of what I have
Already in my pow'r.—Her hand is given.

THE-

THERAPIUS.

By whom?

MEZENTIUS.

By good Melvetius, whom, I hear,
Therapius has not treated well.

THERAPIUS.

As well
As he deſerves. I have not liv'd to be
Deſpis'd, ye gods I thank you for't. This arm
Is ſtill the ſame, and here's a loyal breaſt,
That ſcorns to ſtoop to any one, except
To him whom I have ever lov'd and ſerv'd.

Clarions ſound.

MEZENTIUS.

Hark! hark! the clarions proclaim the games,
And call me hence to view the traitor's death.

THERAPIUS.

Muſt Phanor then this morning be no more?
Oh! king, revoke the ſentence ere it be
Too late. Thus humbly proſtrate let me beg,
Nor beg in vain, to ſave him.

MEZENTIUS.

Hence, begone!
Leſt I ſhould ſhake the whip of vengeance o'er
Thy head, and make thee curſe in bitterneſs
Of thought, thy arrogant preſumption.

Exit MEZENTIUS.

THE-

THERAPIUS *ſolus.*

The die is caſt, and all is o'er. But hold
My heart, 'till I have met my friend once more,
To wet his boſom with my parting tears,
And then break when thou wilt, that I may die,
And be no longer troubled with this world.—
'Tis now become a place of grief and ſorrow.

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

LYDIA. DELPHIA.

LYDIA.

How ſhrill, how dreadful do the trumpets ſound,
That bid the horrid games prepare, and call
Our poor, unhappy friend to death. Oh, whither
Shall wretched creatures turn, ye gods! or whence
Expect a quick deliverance from their terrors?

DELPHIA.

From death, and from no other hand. The cup
Of our diſtreſſes now is nearly fill'd,
And, when we've drunk the bitter draught, our hearts,
Oppreſs'd too heavily, will burſt and free us.
But yet I will ſupport the ſhock with hopes
Of juſt revenge. I'll fly unto the king,
And there unfold this traitor's vile proceedings.—
And will revenge repay me for my ſighs?

Will

Will it recall our murder'd friend to life?
Oh! Lydia, Lydia, ſure the hand of heaven
Is heavy on us; and its deep reſolves
Are intricate beyond our utmoſt ſearches.

LYDIA.

They are. But ſhall we murmur at its laws,
And ſay, ye gods! ye act not right? Forbid
We ſhould!

DELPHIA.

To heaven I bow. But yet this ſcene
Of blood is terrible to hear or think of.
Perhaps he's now expos'd—perhaps he's torn
And in his lovely breaſt the lion preys.——

LYDIA.

Unhappy friend! unhappy me! Thy griefs
Are to the ſummit come, and mine, tho' great,
Are but approaching to the dreadful climax.
Pour, pour them down, and cruſh me with their
weight!
But how is this? Melvetius comes in haſte.
Oh! if he bring us happy news he's good,
And all his faults ſhall be forgotten.

Enter MELVETIUS.

MELVETIUS.

Haſte,
Fair ladies, now the games begin, and wait

But

But for your preſence with the king, who, dreſs'd
In all the ſplendor of a happy bridegoom,
In expectation pants for Lydia's hand.

LYDIA.

This moment quit my ſight, inſulting wretch,
And learn t'approach the Princeſs of Præneste
With ſuitable reſpect. Yes, traitor hence,
Nor wait my further orders, if thou doſt
This dagger forces thee away.——Begone.

MELVETIUS. *(aſide.)*

What empty rage! But it avails you not.

Exit MELVETIUS.

LYDIA.

Come, Delphia, let us meet this king. I know
'Twill be in vain t' oppoſe his will.

DELPHIA.

Yes, come.
My heart grows callous to diſtreſs, and ſpurns
The ſoft emotions that would rule my heart.

SCENE III.

A Priſon.

LAUSUS. GUARDS *attending.*

LAUSUS.

Haſte, haſte and take the fetters off, leſt I
Should linger here too long. Now free'd, prepare
My

My arms, that I my die, as I have liv'd,
With manly courage, and undaunted ſoul.
Unſtain'd with guilt I boldly meet my fate,
And quit this world a ſacrifice to friendſhip.
Ye guards who here attend me, tell our tale,
And, if you've children, teach their infant hearts
That two have liv'd in friendſhip's holy bonds
Which e'en the fear of death could never break.
Inſtruct their liſping tongues to praiſe the names
Of Lauſus and of Phanor, all whoſe wiſhes
But mutually ſtrove to ſerve each other,
That your poſterity may ſhed a tear
When this day's horrors are unfolded. Ah!

Bell tolls.

What, like a malefactor ſummon'd forth?
This dreadful knell ſtrikes thro' my heart, and chills
My veins.—But courage reaſſume thy place,
Nor quit it 'till I die. Again it tolls.—
Throw wide the gates, and lead the way.

Enter THERAPIUS.

THERAPIUS.

Forbear
To bar my entrance, ſlaves, I muſt embrace
My friend, and ſtrain him to my breaſt.

LAUSUS.

Good man,
I thank thee for thy love; but keep this ſecret.

THERAPIUS.

Ye gods omnipotent! whence, whence is this!

LAUSUS.

Thou know'ſt my heart, then be not thus ſurpriz'd.
Farewell; my friend is ſafe, and I'm reſign'd.
March on.

Exit LAUSUS, *with Guards.*

THERAPIUS.

Give ſtrength unto my limbs,
Ye gods, that I may reach the king in time.

SCENE IV.

After a ſolemn March, a Curtain draws up, and diſcovers MEZENTIUS, MELVETIUS, LYDIA, *and* DELPHIA, *in a Balcony.*

MEZENTIUS.

See where the traitor ſtands in arms, expos'd
To public ſcorn. My ſubjects now may learn
What puniſhment is due to villains.

LYDIA.

Ah!
To villains do you ſay? Then throw that wretch,
Who cringes at your nod, that lurking thief,
Who bluſhes not to rob us of our peace,
Throw, throw him to the beaſts; he is not worthy
To live or breathe in common with mankind.

MELVETIUS.

My princeſs, ſpare your taunts.—

LY-

LYDIA.

Command thy ſlaves
Who help'd thee in thy baſe deſigns: But learn,
Thou upſtart man of pow'r, thy princeſs ſcorns
To give thee hearing. See this fainting maid,
Who droops like ſome up-rooted flow'r, by thee
And thy deceitful arts plung'd deep in grief.—
Mezentius, if thou haſt a ſoul, or if
Thy heart could pity nature in her ruin,
Drive hence this vile, inhuman ſlave, or elſe—
(By ev'ry pow'r above, my threats are ſolemn)
My life is hateful to be borne, and death
Is welcome to my thoughts; a woman rous'd,
Can fix no bounds to rage or maddening phrenzy;
Behold this dagger—weak as I may be,
My injur'd hand ſhall deal unnumber'd deaths,
Nor will I think of aught but ſweet revenge.

MEZENTIUS.

I ſtand unmov'd by frowns or threats. But haſte,
Ye lingering ſlaves, throw off the lion's chains.
Ah! there he comes; obſerve him how he ſtalks
Along, and ſhakes his ſhaggy mane. Provoke
Him to the fight.—Ah! now he ſees his prey.—
But whence is this?

Enter PHANOR.

PHANOR.

Quick, quick, Mezentius ſave
Your ſon.—'Tis him, 'tis Lauſus you've expos'd.

Exit PHANOR.

MEZENTIUS.

It is—it is, ye cruel gods! Ruſh, ruſh
Tyrrhenians, on the beaſt, and ſave your prince;
Oh! ſnatch him from his dreadful fate.

Exit MEZENTIUS.—LYDIA *faints.*

DELPHIA.

My friend!
My Lydia! oh! my deareſt princeſs! What—
What bitter agonies now tear thy boſom!
Oh! raiſe thy head, and give ſome ſigns of life.—
Breathe, breathe into her heart, ſome friendly pow'r,
In pity to her great, exalted goodneſs.—
But hark! what mean theſe ſhouts?

LYDIA.

What did I hear?

Enter THERAPIUS.

THERAPIUS.

I come the meſſenger of joyful tidings.
The lion's dead; the friends are now in cloſe
Embrace, and view by turns themſelves, and then
Their proſtrate foe.

LYDIA.

How—how, Therapius, ſay—
I'll drink in ev'ry word with eager tranſport.

THERAPIUS.

Excuſe my ſtay. The king is torn with fears,
And it were beſt to take him in this ſtate.

Exit THERAPIUS.

LY-

LYDIA.

Come, let us fly to hear the news at large;
And whilſt we liſt'n, with humble hearts give thanks
To thoſe great gods who have protected them.

SCENE V.

A Circus, with the dead Lion.

LAUSUS. PHANOR.

LAUSUS.

My Phanor, what haſt thou this day perform'd?

PHANOR.

And where's the tribute equal to thy merit?
Thy wond'rous courage, and more wond'rous heart?

LAUSUS.

There lies the grim and horrid beaſt, whoſe looks,
As he advanc'd with ſolemn pace, did ſeem
Already to be feaſting on my limbs.
But, thanks to pow'rs unſeen, to this good blade,
And to my Phanor's love, he's now no more.
But ſay, my friend, ſhall we approach the king?
We've given him proofs of our ſubmiſſion.

PHANOR.

Why ſhall we not? We know the worſt. Our lives
Can but be ta'en away at moſt, my Lauſus,
And if we fall together, we ſhall fall
A noble ſacrifice to holy friendſhip.

LAUSUS.

Then come, let's meet the angry monarch's frown,
Or, if he ſmile, redouble all our hopes.

SCENE

SCENE *the laſt.*

An Audience Chamber.

MEZENTIUS. THERAPIUS. MELVETIUS.

MEZENTIUS.

Yes, let me hear the whole; I would not loſe
One ſingle ſtep. How broke he forth? How rag'd?
How ſtalk'd along? What narrow 'ſcapes? Deſcribe
Each turn; thou canſt not pleaſe me better.

THERAPIUS.

When firſt the lion ſaw the day, and breath'd
The purer air, he paw'd upon the ſand,
And caſt around deep ſullen looks of anger;
Awhile he ſtood in play, but when he ſaw
The object of his rage, he beat his loins,
And laſh'd his body with his tail: Then from
His ſparkling eye-balls iſſu'd forth a fire,
That ſtruck the populace with dread: Now ſwift
He ruſhes on his prey, but thrice he miſs'd
His aim, and thrice return'd with force redoubled.
A fourth attack his briſtly mane portended,
When all the circus, with confuſion fill'd,
Call'd out, 'Tis our young prince. But at the time
When the Numidian beaſt, with open throat
Prepar'd his ruin, ruſhing thro' the crowd
Flew Phanor to his help, and ſhrieking loud,
Without a weapon for defence, he threw
Himſelf upon the brute, to ſave his friend;

On

On this brave Lauſus ſeem'd to gain new ſtrength,
And at the hazard of his life, deep down
His foaming throat he plung'd his ſword,
And with the lion fell upon the ground,
Which there expir'd in ſeas of blackeſt blood.
Now ruſh'd he up, like ſome victorious god,
And ſnatching to his breaſt his Phanor, cry'd
Ye gods! we thank you for your care.—We live,
And owe our lives to your protection.
Then they embrac'd, then kiſs'd each others cheek.
Oh! good Mezentius, 'twas a moving ſight.

MEZENTIUS.

My dear, my worthy friend, I'm loſt in wonder;
Nor can I trace whence came my inhuman rage.
But haſte, Melvetius, bring your princeſs hither.
Their noble conduct wakes my ſoul to virtue.
Amidſt my joy, Therapius, let me hope
Thou wilt forgive my late contempt.

THERAPIUS.

Forbear,
My lord, to caſt a damp upon my heart.
'Tis I that have been guilty, and 'tis mine
To aſk for pardon.

MEZENTIUS.

Ah! how much am I
In friendſhip, love, and duty, overcome!
'Tis fitting that my joy ſhould have a check,
Or elſe I ſhould forget my mortal nature.

Ah!

Ah! here they come. Now judge, Therapius,
And tell me if I've not a parent's feelings.

Enter LYDIA, DELPHIA, *and* MELVETIUS, *on one Side,* LAUSUS *and* PHANOR, *Hand in Hand, on the other.*

LAUSUS.

Behold, my royal ſire, your guilty ſubjects
Moſt humbly proſtrate at your feet: But I,
And only I, the object of your frowns.
His crime was mine. At my requeſt he brought
The raſh, imprudent note. For which his king
Condemn'd him to the fight. I thought myſelf
In honour bound to run the riſk, for which
I forc'd him to reſign his place, tho' vainly
I urg'd him to conſent, 'till I had ſworn
To kill myſelf if he refus'd. The trial's o'er.
I live, but owe my life to him; and if
There yet remain ſome of your wonted love,
To him you are indebted for your ſon.
But, if your anger be not yet appeas'd,
We're come ſubmiſſive to receive our doom;
For as our friendſhip never had a rival,
We've ſworn a partnerſhip in fate, that ſo
All ſtages of our life may be a model.
If one's deſtroy'd, the other cannot live.

MEZENTIUS.

Riſe, riſe, my ſon; my Phanor riſe.—You've all
The love and tenderneſs that this fond heart,

En-

Entirely yours, can give. Live—love— and be
For ever happy. This is only juſtice,
And there remains as yet one other giſt,
Which thy great conduct has this day deſerv'd.
Receive it then—receive this trembling hand,
And may'ſt thou never ceaſe to praiſe the gift!
Forbear thy thanks 'till we in private meet.

THERAPIUS.

Eternal bleſſings hover o'er your heart,
And may no future fears invade your joys!
May one continual round of peaceful wiſhes
Engage my ſov'reign's thoughts, and make him
bleſs'd!

MEZENTIUS.

My worthy friend, I thank thee for thy pray'rs.—
Awhile forbear the grateful theme. I've yet
Once more to reaſſume the dreadful frowns
Of deep offended majeſty. My eyes
At length are open'd, and I plainly ſee
That curs'd ambition ſtops at nought to bring
Its ſchemes to bear. I've been deceiv'd, my friends,
Moſt groſsly have I been deceiv'd; and there
The author of our troubles is—Melvetius.
But haſte, and quit my injur'd court, leſt I
Should puniſh as your crimes deſerve. Your king
Shall be inform'd of all, and you ſhall feel
His juſt reſentment. Hence away, nor let

Your baleful preſence wound my ſight. *Exit* MEZV.
Now calm'd,
What further do you aſk, that I may grant it?

LAUSUS.

Unite my Phanor to my Lydia's friend,
That from this moment he may taſte your favours.

MEZENTIUS.

Dear, noble youth, my greateſt wiſh ſhall be
To thank thee for my ſon, by thee preſerv'd.
Receive her hand, and in return be ſtill
As good and virtuous as thou art. But come,
Let's hence, and to a chearful feaſt repair;
The tender doubts with which you've been oppreſs'd,
Demand relief. And in our annals this
Shall to poſterity be handed down,
Who hence may learn what real friendſhip is,
And be incited, by the glorious tale,
To ſerve his friend with conſtancy and love.

11 JA 69

THE END.

ERRATA.

PAGE.	*LINE.*	*FOR*	*READ*
1	11	to *me*	to *one*
17	3	heaven's	honour's
17	*laſt*	unrival'd	unrivall'd
32	11	Diſtract'd	Diſtracted
37	19	trangreſs	tranſgreſs
63	2	deſeend	Deſcend
67	14	Keep	Weep
69	18	not deſpair	not *thus* deſpair
81	1	balm	calm
85	10	Pauſe	Peruſe
87	20	his	her
88	2	enſhrowd	enſhroud
88	16	diſtin'd	deſtin'd
90	*laſt*	doeſt	doſt
100	8	e'er	ere
101	2	e'er	ere
113	11	now	was
119	20	into	unto
125	13	drank	drunk
129	2	not	act
131	17	poſting	parting
137	8	enamel'd	enamell'd
137	20	ſtricted	ſtricteſt
138	6	domain	domains
144	2	houſe	hour
148	6	deareſt	cleareſt
170	19	You	Yes
184	14	'Pears	Peers
185	19	*to* throw	*may* throw
198	16	who	that
200	*laſt*	ſon	ſun
206	5	with	wills
209	18	canſt	could'ſt
211	8	imported	imparted
237	9	comes	come
245	18	goed	good
264	15	the	theſe

APOLOGY.

THE Author of these Poems residing at a considerable distance from Liverpool, had it not in his power, without a very great expence, to inspect the sheets as they were printed; he was therefore under the necessity of leaving them to the correction of another, who (and perhaps not perfectly acquainted with his mode of writing) would not attempt to make any alterations, only wishing to adhere to the manuscript, as it appeared to him.—He candidly owns it is rather awkward to offer this Apology; but his situation, he hopes, will make it acceptable.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A

Mr. J. Ackers, Rainhill.
Mr. R. Addiſon, Lancaſter.
Mr. Ainſley, Standiſh.
Mr. T. Allen, Newcaſtle.
—— Atherton, Eſq. Walton.
Rd. Atherton, Eſq. Preſton.

B

Mr. W. Bamber, Chipping.
——— Bailey, Lond. 2 cop.
Joſeph Barney, Ditto.
James Barrow, Eſq. Lancaſt.
Mr. William Barrow, Ditto.
Rev. Mr. Barrow, Wigan.
Mr. Thomas Barrow, G. Eccleſton.
Thomas Barton, Wigan.
Thomas Barton, Liverp.
Jas. Barton, Broughton.
P. Bedingfeld, Liverp.
Wililam Bell, Hexham.
Joſeph Birch, Eſq. Liverp.
Miſs Birchall, Mancheſter.
John Blackburn, Eſq M. P.
C. Blackett, Eſq. Newcaſtle.
Mr. J. Blackhurſt, Longton.
Jas. Blackhurſt, Preſton.
Wm. Blacow, Durton.
Geo. Blanchard, Grimſargh.
C. Bland, Lancaſter.
Rev. Mr. F. Blundell, Stonyhurſt.
Mr. — Booth, Lancaſter.
Rev. Mr. Bradſhaw, Warrington.
Mr. J. Brand, Myerſcough.
Geo. Braithwaite, Lancaſter.
Miſs Breers, Preſton.
Mr. Breers, Wigan.
Mr. H. Brewer, Preſton.
William Briggs, Ditto.
J. Brockbank, Lancaſter.
Revd. Mr. Brown, Thockrington.
Mr. P. Brown, Adlington.
Buddicome, Liverpool.
Right Hon. John Burgoyne, L. G. & M. P.
Rev. Mr. G. Buſby, Hexham.
Mr. Joſeph Buſhell, Liverp.
A. Butler, Eſq. Kirkland, 2 copies.
Rev. Mr. Butler, Hornby.
John Butler, Eſq. Pleaſington.

C

Mr. W. Carr, Blackburn.
W. Carter, Lancaſter.
Rev. Mr. J. Carter, Hampton, 3 copies.
Mr. J. Caton, Lancaſter.
J. Caton, Preſton.
F. Chadwick, Preſton.
Johnſon Chaffers, Liverpool.
J. Chamley, Lancaſter.
T Charnley, Broughton.
J. Chew, Preſton
P. Chriſtian, Liverpool.
Clarkſon, Grimſcough.
Clarkſon, Preſton.
Clarkſon, Haighton.
Clayton, Cheſter.
Clements, Liverpool.
Cockſhott, Bracewell.
Corbiſhley, Broughton.
Cort, Minſhull.
Cortham, Gooſnargh.
Cowburne, Preſton.
Spencer Cowper, Eſq L. G.
Wm Cowper, Eſq. *Author of the Taſk.*

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Critchley, Lea.
Crook, Whittle-le-wood
Cropper, Wigan.
C———, 2 copies.

D

J. Dutton, Esq. Turnham, 3 copies.
W. Dickinson, Esq. Wrightington.
Mr. Dickinson, Hexham.
Dickinson, Haighton.
Ditchfield, Wigan.
Dodds, Walton.
Rev. A. M'Donald, Liverp.
F. Doran, Esq. K. Lonsdale.
Rev. Mr. Dunn, Preston.
Rev. Dr. Dunn, Blackburn.
Mr. A. Duxbury, London, 12 copies.

E

Rev. Mr. Eaves, Brownedge.
Mr. Eccles, Chipping.
Eden, Eaves.
Edmonson, M.D Penrith
Edmonson, Durton.
Rev. Mr. Edmonson, Grimsargh.
Mr. Edsforth, Myerscough.
Ellis, Hexham.
Ellison, Sizergh.
Rev. Mr. Eyre, Stella, 3 cop.

F

Mr. Fallowfield, Preston.
S. Fazakerly, Esq Walton.
Mr. Fielding, Catteral.
Fisher, Preston.
Rev. Mr. Fisher, Standish.
Rev. Mr. Fisher, Ribchester.
Mr. Fletcher, Lancaster.
Fletcher, Liverpool.
Rev. Mr. Foster, Turnham.
Mrs. France, Rawcliffe.
D. French, Esq. London.

G

Mr. Gardner, Preston.
Gardner, Garstang.
B. Gascoyne, Esq. M. P.
Lady Gerard, Garswood.
Miss C. Gerard, do.
E. J. Gerard, Esq. Manchester, 6 copies.
M. Gibson, Esq. Stella, 6 cop.
Mr. Gibson, Stonecroft.
Gibson, Hexham.
Gibson, jun. do.
Gibson, York.
Rd. Gillow, Lancaster, 3 copies.
Rt. Gillow, do.
Rt. Gillow, London.
Mrs. Gillow, do.
Mr. Gillow, Eccleston.
Gillow, Larbrick.
Glover, Preston.
Gobbin, Wigan.
Goodall, Liverpool.
R. Grayson, Liverpool.
E. Grayson, do.
Greaves, Preston.
G. Green, Liverpool.
W. Green, Manchester.
B. Green, do.
James Greenhalgh, Esq. Myerscough.
Jas. Gregson, Esq. Liverpool.
Mr. Grimshaw, Catteral.

H

Rev. Mr. Hadley, Brindle.
Mr. Hall.
Hallgrave, Chipping.
Hargreaves, Wigan.
Mrs. Harrison, Kirkham.
Mr. Hart, Liverpool.
Hartley, Lancaster.
Miss Harvey, Wigan.
Mr. Hatton, Parbold.

Wm.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. Heatley, Eſq. Brindle.
Mr. Hedley, Woodburn.
Lady Heſketh.
Rev. Mr. Hoghton.
Mr. Hoghton, Preſton.
Holiday, Cheſter.
Holt, Walton.
Hookey, Liverpool.
Horrabin, Burton
Rev. Mr Hawarden, Wrightington.
Mr. Haworth, Standiſh.
Hunter, Liverpool.
Hutchinſon, Eccleſton.

J

Mr. Jackſon, Lea.
Jackſon, Mancheſter.
Jefferſon, Hexham.
Johnſon, Lea.
Johnſon, Hexham.
Mrs. Jones, Caton.

K

Mr. Kaye, Liverpool.
Kirkpatrick, Clitheroe
Kitchen, Kendal, 5 cop.
Knowles, Liverpool, 2 copies.

L

Mr. Langſhaw, Cheſter.
J. Langton, Kirkham.
W. Langton, do.
Latham, Standiſh.
Lawſon, Eccleſton.
Leadbitter, Capheaton.
Leigh, Liverpool
Leigh, Wrightington.
Mrs. Lindow Lancaſter, 2 c.
R. G. Lomax, Eſq. Clayton Hall.
T. Lowe, M. D. Preſton.
Mr. Law, Attorney, do.
Lowe, Liverpool.
Mr. Lowe, Prof. Muſ. do.
Loxham, Preſton.
Rev. Mr. Lund, Cottam.
Mr. Lund, Gooſnargh.
Mrs. Lunt, Standiſh.
Mr. Lyon, Preſton.

M

Rev. Mr. Marſden, Cheſter.
Mr. Marſh, Hindley.
Martin, Walton.
Maſon.
Maſon Lancaſter.
Rev. Mr. Mawdſley, Hollowforth.
Mr. Meadows, Preſton.
Meitchinſon.
Mercer, Claughton.
B. Molyneux, Eſq. Hawkſby.
Mr. Molyneux, Preſcot.
Monk, Burſcough.
Moor, Preſton.
More, Liverpool.
Moreton, Heyſham.
Rev. Mr. Morgan, Preſton.
Lady Moſtyn, London.

N

Mr. M'Neivan, Mancheſter.
Rev. Mr. Nickleſon, Preſton.

O

A. Onſlow, Eſq. London.
W. Ord, Eſq. Stonecroft.
Mr. Orme, London.
J. Orrell, Eſq. Blackbrook.
Rev. Mr. Orrell, do.

P

Mr. Parker, Gooſnargh.
Rev. Mr. Parkinſon, Longridge.
Mr. Parkinſon, Woodacre.
Parkinſon, Lancaſter.

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Parkinſon, Eccleſton.
Pearſon, Hexham.
Pedder, Preſton.
Penſwick, Garſwood.
Pilkington, Myerſcough
Potter, Newcaſtle.
Potter, Liverpool.
Potts, Northumberland.
Preſcot, Newborough.
Prichard, Preſton.
Pugh, Lancaſter.

R

Mr. Randal, Lancaſter.
A. Rawlinſon, Eſq. do.
I. Rawlinſon, Eſq. do.
Mrs. H. Rawlinſon, do.
Miſs Rawlinſon, do.
H. Rawlinſon, do.
M. Rawlinſon, do.
L. Rawſthorne, Eſq. Preſton.
Mr. Reed, Hexham.
Reynolds, Mancheſter, 2 copies.
T. Riddell, Eſq. Swinburne Caſtle.
P. Rigby, Eſq. Liverpool.
E. Rigby, Eſq. do.
E. Rigby, Eſq. Lancaſter.
Rev. Dr. Rigby, do.
Mr. Roberts, do.
Robſon, Lowick.
Rev. Mr. Rocket, York.
Mr. Roddam, Newcaſtle.
Rogerſon, Garſtang.
Roſkell, do.
Rowe, Liverpool.
James Ruſſell, Eſq. London, 2 copies.

S

Mr. Sanderſon, Blackrod.
Sanderſon, Lancaſter.
Saltmarſh, Eſq.
Mr. Sandwell, Scorton.
Mr. Satterthwaite, Lancaſter
Scott, Pemberton.
Seddon, Wigan.
Rev. Mr. Serjeant, Scorton.
Rev. Mr. Sewell, Eccleſton.
Mr. Sharples, Barton.
Sharples, Mancheſter, 2 copies.
Sharples, Liverpool.
Sharples, Bath.
Shawe, Lancaſter.
C. Shawe, Eſq. Wavertree
Mr. Shepherd, Preſton.
T. Shuttleworth, Eſq. Stubbs, 2 copies.
Mr. Sidgreaves, jun. Gooſnargh.
Singleton, Lea.
Singleton, Lancaſter.
Miſs Slayter, Preſton.
Mr. H. Smith, do.
J. Smith, do.
Smith, Lancaſter.
Smith, Lea.
Smith, Woodhill.
E. T. Standiſh, Eſq. Standiſh, 3 copies.
C. Stableton, M. D. Preſton.
Mr. Stokoe, Corbridge.
Rt. Struttul, Eſq. Ireland.
Mr. Swarſbrick, Lytham.
Swarſbrick, Thurnham.
Swarſbrick, Nateby.
Mrs. Sympſon, Preſton.

T

Mr. W. Tarleton, Liverpool.
J. Taylor, Eſq. Leigh, 3 cop.
James Taylor, Eſq. Clifton.
Mr. Taylor, Lancaſter.
Taylor, Standiſh.
Teaſdale, Hexham.
Rev. Mr. Thomas, Lancaſter.
Mr. Thomſon, Mancheſter.

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Thickneſſe, Liverpool.
Threlfall, Broughton.
Threlfall, Church-town
Threlfall, Eaves.
Threlfall, Chorley.
Thornton, Church-town
Tillotſon, Poulton.
Tomlinſon, Stonyhurſt.
Topham, Eſkrigg.
Towers, Lancaſter.
Travers, Preſton.
Turner, Gooſnargh.

V U

Mr. Valentine, Garſtang.
Valentine, Nateby.
Wm. Unſworth, ſen. Liverpool, 2 copies.
Wm. Unſworth, jun. do. 2 copies.

W

Thomas Walker, Eſq. Mancheſter, 2 copies,
Mr. Walker, Durton.
John Walmſley, Eſq. Preſton.
Rd. Walmſley, Eſq. Wigan.
Mr. Walmſley, Lancaſter.
Walmſley, Longridge.
Walton, Surgeon, Preſton.
Rev. Mr. Wareing, Thornley.
Mr. Wareing, Gooſnargh.
Waterhouſe, Billſborough.
Watkinſon, Lancaſter.
Mrs. Waterworth, Preſton.
Mr. Waterworth, do.
J. Weſtby, Eſq. Whitehall.
Mr. Weſtby, Lancaſter.
Whalley, Standiſh.
Rev. Mr. Wharton, Yealand.
Rd. Whitehead, Eſq. Preſton.
Mr. Whitlock.
Whitloe, Mancheſter.
Wilding, Catteral.
Wilding, Preſton.
Wildman, Lancaſter.
Rev. Mr. C. Wilcock, Gooſnargh.
Mr. Wilſon, Church-town.
Wilſon, Larbrick.
Wilſon, Preſton.
Wilſon, Humſaugh.
Wm. Witham, Eſq. Cliff.
Mr. Woodburn, Lancaſter.
Woodcock, Preſton.
Worrall, Mancheſter.
R. Worſwick, Lancaſter.
R. Worſwick, do. 2 cop.

Y

Mr. Wm. Yates, Liverpool.

AT

HAIGHTON,

NEAR

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE,

A SMALL NUMBER OF

YOUNG GENTLEMEN

CONTINUE TO BE EDUCATED

In the following BRANCHES:

BY

PETER NEWBY.

In ENGLISH, *(to which every Attention will be paid)* LATIN, FRENCH, WRITING, ACCOMPTS, BOOK-KEEPING, MENSURATION, MAPPING, GEOGRAPHY, and DRAWING,

11.1A.69

TERMS.

BOARD and EDUCATION, *Fifteen Guineas* per Year.

WASHING, from *Half a Guinea* to *One Guinea.*

FRENCH and DRAWING are ſeparately charged, at the eaſy Rate of *One Guinea* each per Year.

ENTRANCE, *One Guinea.*

HAVING been now employed for upwards of Twenty Four Years in educating Youth; I hope I may, with ſome Degree of Confidence, offer the above Propoſals. I have no Aſſiſtants, nor do I intend to employ any, flattering myſelf, from my long Experience that I am qualified for the Undertaking. This may appear, at Firſt Sight, to border much on Self-Commendation, but every ſenſible and impartial Perſon, I truſt, will, on Reflection, give it a more favourable Conſtruction; particularly when I gratefully acknowledge that I was grounded in moſt of what I know (Latin and French excepted) by the Attention and Goodneſs (almoſt parental) of my worthy Friend, the late Mr. Booth; in whoſe Academies I had the Honour to teach for nearly Seven Years, and with ſome Degree of Reputation.

Without enlarging on the Methods purſued in forming the Minds of my Pupils, I ſhall only aſſure my Friends that the ſame Tenderneſs, which has uniformly actuated my Conduct, ſhall ſtill be my Guide, and that every Favour ſhall be moſt gratefully acknowledged by

Their old and faithful Servant,

HAIGHTON,
Auguſt 21ſt, 1790.

P. NEWBY.

The Yearly Receſs will commence hereafter in July.